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EXPLAINING AMERICA.

This huge democracy of ours requires a good deal of explaining to the European intelligence. We do much of the explaining ourselves, through our representatives in the diplomatic service, who rightly regard this as one of their official functions, and the fact that the higher posts in that service are so frequently filled by our leading men of letters tends to make the explanation effective. Mr. Lowell, for example, never did his nation a finer service than that of delivering his address on "Democracy" to an English audience at the time of his tenure of diplomatic office. Such services as his are as effective as arbitration treaties or other formal agencies for the promotion of international good will. And he had an illustrious line of predecessors in well-doing, all the way down from the time when Franklin and Jefferson brought visible embodiment of the ideals of the coming age to the court in which the ideals of an aristocratic society based upon privilege were entering upon the inevitable process of dissolution. Of recent years, we have been sending special intellectual envoys to Europe, charged with the special duty of national interpretation—lecturers to the Sorbonne, and exchange professors to Berlin and other capitals. It is all to the good, for the better two nations come to understand one another, the less the chances of friction between them. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*, and a better understanding of us might soften even the asperities of "The Saturday Review" when American affairs engage its attention.

But busily as we are engaged in explaining ourselves, our foreign critics, amateur and professional, are still more busily engaged in explaining us to their own fellow-countrymen. We owe much to the professional expositors, of whom Tocqueville, Ostrogorski, and Mr. Bryce offer typically conspicuous examples, and not a little to the amateurs, even if they are caricaturists like Dickens, or supercilious observers like Arnold. The work done by Mr. John Graham Brooks when he prepared "As Others See Us" for "The Chautauquan" a few years ago, collating the opinions expressed by many foreign observers during several generations,

was very instructive, and profitable both for admonition and for the cultivation of our sober self-esteem. Even the tirades of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens have their value for reproof, or the anguished outpourings of M. de Bacourt, sent for his sins by an unfeeling French government to dwell among us for a few months in 1840–2. This sensitive soul, who relieved his feelings by the outburst: "My God! what have I done to be obliged to live amongst such people?" and who departed for home exclaiming: "I shall thank Heaven when I feel that I have placed the ocean between me and this dreary abode," is in striking contrast to the latest of our foreign commentators, the Frenchman to whose recently published "Les Etats Unis d'Amérique" we now wish to call attention.

The author of this book, Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, has the best of excuses for writing about the United States. He has visited us upon four occasions since 1902, and travelled extensively throughout the country. He has studied our life and our institutions under the most favorable conditions, and collected a great mass of observations, which he has interpreted with sympathy and discriminating judgment. His new book offers a happy combination of *impressions de voyage* and philosophical reflections. It is not a formal treatise in the manner of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," but a discursive narrative which is everywhere entertaining, but which is by no means superficial. It is sprinkled with rhetorical exclamation points, treats our foibles with gentle satire, is outspoken about our mistakes of national policy, and deeply impressed by our material achievements. Even where it is severe in its strictures, it makes us feel that the author is dealing the faithful wounds of a friend, and tells the harsh truth in a way best calculated to spare our susceptibilities. It is as amiable as the journal of a six weeks' tourist, but has the substance and the penetrative insight that such a journal usually lacks. Now and then it is amusingly *naïve*, as when it expresses the author's astonishment at the sight of a young man under the manipulations of a manicure in a hotel barber-shop. The young man, it seems, while one hand is being treated as if it were a hand of wax, is using the other to hold an open newspaper, which he calmly reads while *cet ange penche vers lui, sa main dans ses mains*. This matter-of-fact way of dealing with a sentimental situation in which a Frenchman would ogle the fair ministrant, leads to an "explanatien" of the American character that need not be taken too seriously. "In the United States sensuality is reduced to a minimum; it is set aside; people have no time to think of it to begin with, then it is felt to be a danger in a new country; thus co-education has become possible; young girls may dare anything; they finally externalize themselves, devoting to useful works, to society, and to athletics a share of the impulses which nature awakens in them; then these impulses become rarer and less imperious. I do not know whether to call it a virtue or good fortune, but it is a fact which plays an important part in the life of the United States, and must be taken largely into account." Truly, *on peut être trop philosophe*. On the whole, our author avoids rash generalizations, saying: *Quiconque ici généralise est un naïf et un ignorant*, and understanding that there can be few underlying principles of unity in a civilization so diversified and conglomerate.

M. d'Estournelles has the occasional lapses from accuracy that no Frenchman seems quite able to escape. He tells us of his friend, Jennings William Bryan, of the eminent divine Phillips Brook, and of President Judge of the University of Chicago, of the douglas-fir-tries of Washington, and of *le coktail insidieux*. He repeatedly speaks of the forty-nine states, and falls into other trifling errors from time to time. Generally speaking, however, his information is trustworthy, and the *aperçus* and judgments which he bases upon it reveal an orderly mind dominated by logic rather than by sentiment or prepossession. An idealist himself, he is prompt to recognize the idealistic push which is back of the gropings of our national spirit, and our fundamental purpose to deal justly with the perplexing problems offered us by education, politics, religion, the suffrage, and the Indian and negro elements of our population. These problems, and many others, he discusses always intelligently and often acutely. And he shows himself at every point the enemy of warfare and the uncompromising advocate of the policies that make for peace among the nations and good will among men. It is where this sacred principle is endangered that we find his strictures most severe, and his condemnation most outspoken. He does not mince matters in declaring the folly of our tariff wall, of our inflated armaments, and of our monstrous expenditure for pensions. He sees clearly how foolish and how utterly unreconcilable with our principles are our recent experiments in colonialism, and points out the dangers of a continued refusal to "let the island men go free." On the other

hand, he makes good-natured fun of the alarmists who see us plunged into war, now with Mexico, now with Japan, and has full confidence that our fundamental good sense will safeguard us against such horrors. On the subject of Panama, he is distinctly on the side of wisdom and justice, as his summing up of the subject will indicate:

"Thus, from violation to violation, from the questionable seizure of a territorial zone to the fortification of the canal, from fortification to differential tolls, and finally from differential tolls to the refusal of arbitration — these are, within a few years, the temptations to which the United States government has yielded, since it has found itself the absolute master of the international waterway."

Truly, a rake's progress, succinctly stated. It is for such clear-headed and dispassionate judgments as these that we should owe our deepest debt of gratitude to M. d'Estournelles and to the pleasant book in which he has explained us to the foreigner.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF EAST-ASIATIC LITERATURE has been acquired by the Newberry Library, with the expert assistance of Dr. Berthold Laufer, who has now prepared a careful "Descriptive Account" of these examples of Chinese, Tibetan, Mongol, and Japanese books and manuscripts. The well-printed and beautifully-illustrated pamphlet is issued as No. 4 of the Newberry Library Publications; and though its author modestly calls it a "brief sketch," it runs to forty-two pages and is packed with information of interest to Orientalists, and is not uninteresting to others. Six years ago Dr. Laufer was commissioned by the Newberry Library to obtain a representative collection of East-Asiatic works on subjects in which that library specializes, — religion, philosophy, history, belles-lettres, philology, and art. At the same time he collected for the John Crerar Library Oriental works on geography, law and administration, trade, industries, national economy, sociology, agriculture, mathematics, medicine, and the natural sciences. The two collections together form a notable Oriental library; but it is to the Newberry collection alone that Dr. Laufer's pamphlet refers; and for that collection he obtained 1216 works in 21,403 volumes, which he considers truly representative of the literatures named. There are 143 works in Japanese, 310 in Tibetan, 72 Mongol, 60 Manchu; the others are in Chinese, "which is the most extensive and important literature of the East, and the one from which the light of the others radiates." Also, "there are eighteen manuscripts, all unpublished and deserving of publication." Facsimiles of wood-engraving and text are interspersed in the description, from which we quote, in closing, a brief passage of general interest. "Fiction is considered by Chinese scholars an inferior branch of literature, and is not grouped with literature proper. It covers a wide field, nevertheless, and is immensely popular. . . . Poetry, however, has always been viewed as one of the liberal arts and elegant pastimes of a gentleman, and the Chinese have cultivated it to an extraordinary extent. Its study is valuable to us for its high æsthetic merits, but at a future date it will surely fulfil a still greater mission and furnish the fundamental material for the most difficult of all subjects connected with China — the psychology of the Chinese."

• • •

THE RETURN OF THE WOOD-ENGRAVING, after its long banishment at the hands of the cheaper and for some uses more effective process print, may perhaps be looked for in the near future, if certain present indications in book-illustration are not misleading. Few though the wood-engravers be who are now practicing their art, we have in this country at least one eminently distinguished exponent of xylography who is still delighting the connoisseurs with his handiwork. We refer, of course, to Mr. Timothy Cole, known to all readers of "The Century Magazine." Word comes from London that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are favoring more and more the old style of illustration in their books of travel and description, in preference to the facile and abundant photo-engraving. The beautiful bits of scenery and architecture executed by Mr. Joseph Pennell's skilful hand show us, even though they are not reproduced by engraving on wood, how much more artistically pleasing and poetically suggestive a pencil sketch or a pen-and-ink drawing can be than a picture that is the product of the soulless camera. There is a tidal wave, or, to change the figure, a pendulum-swing, in all fashions, sartorial, literary, and other, including the mode of graphic illustration for books and periodicals; and as the hand-made picture has now been out of vogue for nearly a generation — all illustrating having become more or less dependent on mechanical processes — its revival might, on general principles, be predicted in the not very distant future. Not the once too familiar caricatures of wood-engraving art do we hope to see revived, but such examples as were formerly furnished by Linton, Roberts, and Gardner, in England, and by Lepère, Baude, and Jonnard, in France, not to mention American engravers, who have probably done more than any others to perfect the art. The continued existence and activity of the International Society of Wood Engravers give hope of some such renaissance as is here indicated.

• • •

THE ANNUAL DISCUSSION OF LIBRARY PROBLEMS which has recently occupied the attention of our librarians in conference assembled impresses the observer with the library's increasing closeness of relationship to the varied interests and activities of modern life. So eager, in fact, has the librarian

become to enlarge and strengthen this relationship by every conceivable legitimate device, that Mr. Legler, in his presidential address, felt called upon to admonish his hearers against letting the methods of the moment encroach upon the library's larger general usefulness. The importance now attached to efficiency and specialization does indeed threaten to overshadow the vital human element, and to make us forget that even the most wonderfully efficient machine is an absolutely soulless, heartless, lifeless piece of mechanism. Hence it is well that the broadly human factor in library work received timely emphasis in the speeches and debates at Kaaterskill. Among minor matters pressing for attention were the probable future effect of the commission form of municipal government upon public-library administration; the ever-present problem of book-selection, more particularly of novel-selection; the helpfulness or harmfulness of novels in the solution of social and economic problems; the amount of attention that the public library, especially the large library, should give to the special needs of scholars; the question of granting librarians sufficient leisure for both the reading and the recuperation that are necessary if the daily grind is not speedily to result in lessened efficiency; and (this from the delegate of the British Library Association) the detrimental effect of an excessive employment of women in library work, not by reason of any inferiority in such service, but because the salaries offered to young girls and women are so low as to tend to diminish the remuneration of men also, and to cause hardship in an already underpaid profession. On the whole, the attendance at this thirty-fifth annual conference, the addresses and discussions, the interest shown, and the whole atmosphere of the convention, give encouraging evidence of the growing importance and usefulness of the public library, which, as an appreciable factor in promoting the public good, is not yet much more than half a century old, and which in its modern development we are justified in proudly regarding as preëminently an American institution.

* * *

Post-commencement contemplations may not yet be out of order, though the last diploma of the season has now been tenderly laid away by the proud recipient, or sent to the picture-dealer to be framed. From the educationally somewhat backward South there comes a cheering note in the form of an editorial utterance in the Hattiesburg "News." (Hattiesburg is in Mississippi, and has a population of somewhat less than twelve thousand.) The editorial, which needs no approving comment from us, is in the following strain: "A good deal has been written and said against Latin and Greek in the public schools and in favor of corn and tomatoes. We have not the slightest objection to corn and tomatoes as side lines, but in school days the boy or girl whose attention is not given to books is cheated. Hog and hominy is poor diet to feed the mind on. Those who value education purely for the money there is in it or the money that may be gotten out of it, do not know how to value its true value at all. Education, 'book education,' broadens the mind, gives culture to the man, wakens ambition, inspires to higher ideals, and prepares the man for companionship with books and authors. Agriculture has been an honorable calling through all the ages, and the greatest men Mississippi has produced have come from the farm; but they were not great because they came from the farm, but because they educated their minds and learned from books things they could not learn on the farm. There is no more inviting field of endeavor than may be found on the farm. There is no living so sure, no life so independent as the farm life. But the boy on the farm who is denied the advantages of that higher and broader education which comes from books is badly cheated, though he may become the biggest hog and hominy grower in Mississippi." No sign of surrender there to the modern craze for vocational education.

* * *

Formidable fiction, under which head most present-day readers would include the voluminous productions of Richardson, if not also those of Smollett, and such morally improving tales as the benevolent Thomas Day and the excellent Miss Aguilar knew so well how to write, gives occasion to Mr. Bryce (in his "University and Historical Addresses," noticed more at length in another column) to indulge in some interesting reminiscences of his own earlier readings. "I can just recall an austere time," he says, "more than sixty years ago, when in Britain not a few moralists and educators were disposed to ban novel-reading altogether to young people and to treat it even among their elders as an indulgence almost as dangerous as the use of cards, dice, and tobacco. Exceptions, however, were made even by the sternest of these authorities. I recollect that one of them gave his imprimatur to two stories by an estimable Scottish authoress — now long forgotten — named Miss Brunton. These tales were entitled 'Discipline' and 'Self-Control,' and a perusal of them was well fitted to discourage the young reader from indulging any further his taste for imaginative literature. Permitted fiction being scanty, I did attack 'Self-Control,' and just got through it, but 'Discipline' was too much for me." His further remarks show that this harsh experience did not by any means kill Mr. Bryce's taste for imaginative literature; "but," he laments, "we have no Dickens, no Thackeray, no Hawthorne, no George Eliot."

* * *

Disguised book-titles will always furnish booksellers and librarians with amusing puzzles to fill their unoccupied half-hours, if they have any, and to diversify the daily routine. A small boy rushed, breathless, into a certain public library the other day, and thus delivered himself at the loan desk: "Mother says, please, to send her Browning's pair o' scissors!" Of course it did not take long for the well-informed attendant to translate this into a re-

quest for "Paracelsus." Somewhat more perplexing was the demand that came from a young lady who wished to read "Pretty Rita," which she thought was a recent novel, but could not remember the author. Attempts were made to satisfy her with "Pretty Polly," by Clark Russell, and with "Pretty Michal," by Jókai; but she insisted that the heroine's name was Rita, and refused all substitutes. At last the patient attendant had a happy thought. "Was the author's name Ruskin?" she asked. Yes, that was it; and in a moment "Præterita" (which if improperly accented becomes something like "Pretty Rita") was produced, but, not seeming to have much flavor of romance about it, was speedily rejected by the hard-to-wait-upon young lady, who finally compromised by taking "Gretchen," by the novelist popularly known as "Rita." A writer in the London "Book Monthly" enlivens the pages of that interesting periodical with some examples of distorted titles that have caused a few smiles and chuckles in the library world. "Ingoldsby Legends," went masquerading as "England's by-legends," "The Insanity of Genius" horrified the desk-attendant as "The Insanity of Jesus," and a treatise on conic sections became a book of "comic selections"—than which the freak of humorous distortion could no further go. . . .

LITERATURE AND SOCIAL SERVICE were placed in aspects of inter-relationship at a late meeting of the Bay Path Library Club, a central Massachusetts organization, before which Mr. Frederic Kenyon Brown (better known as "Al Priddy," author of "Through the Mill," "Through the School," and "Man or Machine") spoke on "The Human Interest Factors in the Massachusetts Industrial Situation." Mr. Brown, his readers will be interested in learning, is now pastor of a church at Southwick, a position contrasting sharply with that in which his first book presents him to view. Following him as speaker came Dr. Louis N. Wilson, librarian at Clark University; and then there was some instructive book-talk, especially concerning reading matter adapted to the needs of mechanics and that appealing to agricultural workers. These themes occupied the attention of the morning session, and were followed in the afternoon by a consideration of "The Library and School as Mutual Helpers," with Mr. George Rugg, principal of the Quinsigamond School at Worcester, as leading speaker. It is such meetings as this, which was held in the Leicester Public Library, that help librarians and others to realize that a library's proper work is not confined to the mere custody and classification and circulation of books.

. . .

THE NEW LAUREATE, Dr. Robert Bridges, is not one of those generally named by the wise prophets who thought themselves able to reduce the list of likely candidates to four, or three, or perhaps two, or even one. But his being a "dark horse" is by no means in his disfavor; and the fact that he has courted the Muse in a modest, unostentatious manner, as a relief and recreation after the exacting demands of medical practice, inclines one to think well of him and to hope for good things from his pen in the future. Born October 23, 1844, he assumes the laureateship at a mature age, as did his immediate predecessor. An Etonian and Oxonian, he studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's, London, and was afterward connected with a number of hospitals, but retired in 1882 to the more congenial atmosphere of his library and study, where he wrote a succession of plays, poems, and essays, some of which were privately printed, and others publicly offered to the world; but no book of his, so far as we know, has ever joined the clamorous company of best-sellers. The names of a few of his works will serve as some indication of their quality and partly explain their exemption from a perhaps undesired popularity. Essays on Milton's prosody and Keats's poetry early came from his pen, as also a number of short poems; and among his plays we note such classical titles as "Nero," in two parts, "Ulysses," "Achilles in Scyros," "The Feast of Bacchus," and "Demeter: a Masque." The Yattendon Hymnal" also appears in the list of his productions, indicating in him a turn for sacred poetry. Commended by the critics for his refinement, delicacy, restraint, purity, and other merits, he gives promise of adorning the position to which a discerning government has appointed him.

. . .

THE ART OF ENTICING THE READER TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY is now as sedulously studied and practiced as was formerly the art of repelling him and of keeping the books intact, each in its sacredly fixed location on the shelf. From a letter of invitation sent out by the librarian of the Valparaiso (Indiana) Public Library to suburban citizens, and printed in the current Report of the Indiana Public Library Commission, we quote the concluding paragraph. "When you are in town, drop in at the library; you will find it a comfortable place in which to spend a pleasant hour. Perhaps you may have some suggestions to offer. I shall be very glad to hear them and will give them careful consideration. If you do not have time to come to the library, let us know your wants through the teachers or your boys and girls—any way that will help us to give you the best possible service, for that is what we are striving to do. Yours for a successful library year, Bertha Joel, Librarian." In order to meet the reluctant or over-occupied library patron half-way, and even three-quarters or four-fifths way, the establishment of branches and deposit stations is going on all over Indiana, as in many other parts of the country. "Sometimes the district school-house is the branch library building, and the teacher or some older pupil is branch librarian. Sometimes the books are placed with a family, and a private residence becomes a branch library with a mother or daughter

as branch librarian. Churches, country stores, and post-offices are all used in some parts of the State as library centres, and in this way the public library is brought to the very doors of the country people."

* * *

THE AMATEUR ELEMENT IN GREAT ART, the fresh enthusiasm, the delight in execution, the tendency even of zeal to outstrip knowledge—this has been remarked often enough, and is emphasized again by Mr. Arnold Bennett in his essay on "Writing Novels," which occupies the leading place among the articles printed in the June "English Review." After telling us that "the novelist is he who, having seen life, and being so excited by it that he absolutely must transmit the vision to others, chooses narrative fiction as the liveliest vehicle for the relief of his feelings," and that "he differs from most artists in this — that what most chiefly strikes him is the indefinable humanness of human nature, the large general manner of existing," Mr. Bennett continues his discourse on the novelist's attributes and characteristics, and says among other things: "I begin to think that great writers of fiction are by the mysterious nature of their art ordained to be 'amateurs.' There may be something of the amateur in all great artists. I do not know why it should be so, unless because, in the exuberance of their sense of power, they are impatient of the exactitudes of systematic study and the mere bother of repeated attempts to arrive at a minor perfection. Assuredly no great artist was ever a profound scholar. The great artist has other ends to achieve." Of course it would not be very difficult to name a few erudite artists, but their erudition has always been subordinate to their art; and the great artist, literary or other, if he is to be splendidly productive, must be the *amateur*, the "lover," of his self-imposed task. This whole subject, however, has already been skilfully treated by Mr. Bliss Perry in his essay on "The Amateur Spirit."

* * *

HOOSIER READERS AND WHAT THEY READ are told about, with other interesting information, in the "Seventh Biennial Report of the Public Library Commission of Indiana." The progress of the library movement in that State is graphically presented by means of diagrams and a map, and two new Carnegie buildings are pictured in full-page illustrations. Indiana now has one hundred and forty-five public libraries, of which twenty have come into being since the issue of the last Report; but eleven of her ninety-two counties still appear on the Commission's map in black, to denote their benighted condition in respect to libraries. One hundred and six public library buildings, seventeen of them completed or begun in the last two years, and sixteen presented by Mr. Carnegie, are now scattered over the State. Especially interesting is the account given of libraries in State institutions, whence it appears that in no other libraries can a little money and a little expert assistance be made to contribute so greatly to the benefit of the readers. At the bottom of a diagrammatic presentation of this truth it is asserted that "with the same number of volumes, one-third the income, and fourteen per cent. of the population, the Indiana Reformatory library circulates five times as many books as a good public library." Lack of funds for maintenance, and the want of trained librarians, are the chief causes of the present failure of institutional libraries to attain the highest degree of usefulness.

* * *

PROFESSOR WOODBERRY'S PHI BETA KAPPA POEM formed not the least memorable feature of the late Harvard commencement. It was a noble tribute to the memory of Charles Eliot Norton, whose death occurred nearly five years ago. The poem, "In Memoriam: Charles Eliot Norton," is now published under the poet's copyright, which we venture to violate to the extent of a brief quotation finely descriptive of Professor Norton's refinement and grace of manner. After some personal reminiscence, in which he refers to himself as Norton's "firstling charge, boy-leader of the host of those who followed in the after-time," the writer thus, in part, depicts the proprietor of Shady Hill:

> "A grave demeanor masked his solitude,
> Like the dark pines of his seignorial wood;
> But there within was hid how warm a hearth
> Hospitable, and bright with children's mirth.
> How many thence recall his social grace,
> The genial welcome beaming from his face,
> The shy embarrassment of his good-will
> Chafing against the forms that held it still;
> Or, in more private hours, the high discourse,
> With soft persuasion veiling moral force;
> The reticent mouth, the sweet reserved style;
> Something unsaid still lingered in his smile;
> For more he felt than ever he expressed,
> Then silent most when in his conscious breast
> Most intimate with some long-cherished guest."

* * *

OF INTEREST TO BIBLIOGRAPHERS are the various bibliographic lists, reports, announcements, news items, and other kindred matter in the current issue (No. 3–4 of Vol. 4) of "The Bulletin of the Bibliographical Society of America." Especially to be noted are the list of Brooklyn publications in the years 1799–1820, and that of current American bibliographical publications. Also noteworthy is the announcement of Mr. William Abbatt's purpose to issue, as a monthly supplement to his magazine of history, a periodical to be entitled "The International Notes and Queries," and to be edited by Mr. Eugene F. McPike, 135 Park Row, Chicago. It will be obtainable separately, if desired, at $2.25 a year, subscriptions to be sent to Mr. Abbatt, 410 E. 32d St., New York. Interchange of useful information will be the purpose of the new periodical, and it hopes to facilitate intercommunication between reference librarians and others engaged in research. The London publication of similar name and character is said to have more than eleven hundred constant contributors, and the projectors of the new journal look for a like support.

The New Books.

John Bigelow in his Prime.*

Plutarch tells us of Pericles that, "following the dictates of enthusiasm and absorbed in sublime inquiries," he became engrossed in questions of public concern and gave to his paternal estate and private money matters only such attention as sufficed to insure him against pecuniary embarrassments, and brought the management of his property "into such a method as was very easy at the same time that it was exact." In much the same way the late John Bigelow, after he had reached the prime of his powers, refused to be further troubled with the question of money-getting, but, having already acquired a modest competence, gave his time and thought to matters of larger interest and served his country and his generation with works better suited to his tastes and more worthy of his energies than any pursuit of private fortune.

In the fourth and fifth volumes of his "Retrospections of an Active Life," issued under the editorship of his son, Major John Bigelow, we have a near view of the famous diplomat and publicist, scholar, writer, and reformer, in the full maturity of his varied powers, and showing himself most genially in the mellowness of his sixth and seventh decades. As in the earlier volumes, diaries and correspondence are copiously drawn upon, with such insertion of narrative and comment as is necessary to round out the story. Among the noteworthy contents of the two rich volumes, mention may be made of Mr. Bigelow's discovery and purchase of the original manuscript of the Franklin autobiography, his brief editorship of the New York "Times," his memories of Dickens, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Père Hyacinthe, Horace Greeley, and many other celebrities of his time, his visits to Europe and comments on current European events, including the Franco-German War and the fall of Napoleon III., and his public services at home in various capacities. The period covered by the two volumes extends from 1867 to 1879, leaving the last thirty-two years of Mr. Bigelow's life to have their story told in the letters, diaries, and other literary remains that are still unedited, but, as the editor says, "may be utilized in the preparation of future publications."

For the first time the whole history of the finding and purchase of the Franklin autobiography, and of a series of his letters and the original Duplessis portrait, is given to the public, in minute and often amusing detail, in the early pages of Mr. Bigelow's fourth volume. The price he paid for the treasure was twenty-five thousand francs, the owners, Georges and Paul de Senarmont, being not at all eager to part with these interesting relics. To the friendly offices of William H. Huntington, at that time Paris correspondent of the New York "Tribune," the American purchaser was considerably indebted for the successful transaction of the business. Letters between the buyer and his agent show the latter to have been a wit and humorist, and also reveal Mr. Bigelow himself in the rather unfamiliar rôle of an indulger in pleasantries. Huntington describes with much playfulness his first call on Georges de Senarmont, and the "gentle domestic aperient" by whom his passage through ante-room to reception-room was "lubricated" and he was eased of his card and letter of introduction "in the most soothing manner." To this letter the reply, written in London, was in part as follows:

> "Your promptness and zeal in the execution of my commission are appreciated. I congratulate you upon the pleasant passage which Mr. de Senarmont's domestic aperient secured you though I may be called upon to indemnify two of my English friends for a set of buttons snapped off from their waistcoats through laughing at the incident in yr note which described that particular stage of your good fortune. . . . I do not suppose I should ever get my money back, and yet I feel that I should derive some satisfaction from being the actual proprietor of old Benny's story of his life. . . . I propose to commit myself to the *oceano dissociabili*, as your friend Mr. Flaccus terms the waste of waters between Liverpool and Yankeedom, on the 30th inst. . . . Whatever you decide to do or to leave undone will be sure of the approval of your humble servant."

The "Franklinicnacs," as Huntington jocosely and a trifle contemptuously called the valuable objects of his friend's quest, were promptly secured by him and sent to London, where they arrived just in time to be carried off in glad triumph to America by the returning traveller and retired minister. This was at the end of January, 1867. Ten months later occurred an "Atlantic" dinner in Boston, at which Mr. Bigelow sat as guest in the distinguished company of Emerson, Lowell, Norton, Whipple, Longfellow, the two R. H. Danas, father and son, James T. Fields, Dr. Holmes, Dickens, and others. Longfellow presided, in the absence of Agassiz, who was president of the club; and a part of the description of the animated proceedings that attended the eating and drinking will here be in place.

*Retrospections of an Active Life. By John Bigelow. Vol. IV., 1867–1871. Volume V., 1872–1879. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Holmes spoke with great emotion of the persistent attacks of the *Nation* upon *The Guardian Angel*, beginning with the first number. Had the writer awaited the completion of the work, he said, he would not have minded it; but his conduct, Holmes said, could only be compared to the brutality of kicking a woman with child every week, in the belly. He thinks the writer to be a foreigner who has an idea that he may show his smartness to advantage at the Doctor's expense. I told him I feared he attached too much importance to the criticisms of books, which were read by very few persons after all. He thought he had gotten over it, but I saw he had not.

"Dickens was asked by Holmes if he had ever had his head examined by a phrenologist. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'frequently'; and he said he had faith in the science, if only for the prominence of the bump of order in his head. 'For,' said he, 'I never can set myself down to work till I have been all over my house and seen everything in its place. It is simply impossible for me to write till I have gone through that preliminary. I do it now,' said he, 'every day.'"

In the summer and early autumn of 1869 occurred Mr. Bigelow's brief editorship of the New York "Times," which he conducted in such a manner that its proprietors became alarmed lest he "was elevating the standard of the paper too high for New York." Consequently the editorial chair was vacated with cheerful readiness by its too idealistic incumbent, who rejoiced to resume his quiet home life and once more dedicate the usual number of night hours to sleep. Here is a significant paragraph on this episode:

"Because I had been an ardent Republican when the preservation of the Union was the dominating issue of the new party which had taken that name, and during my service abroad had enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Seward and the Republican leaders in Congress, the proprietors of the paper doubtless assumed that I would edit the *Times* on the political lines on which it had been edited by Mr. Raymond. President Grant himself called upon me to talk about the course of the *Times*, and appeared to be entirely satisfied with it. I took occasion, however, in the course of our interview to tell him that as the war was over and the dangers of disunion were disposed of, it seemed to me to be his first duty to ask Congress to repeal the War Tariff for which there was no longer any excuse. His reply surprised me. 'Oh,' said he, 'we can't do anything of that kind.' And he uttered it with so much confidence that I saw any argument with him about it would be wasted. Having known of Grant only as a military man, and that so far as he had any political principles he had been a Democrat, the promptness with which he rejected any thought of a reduction of the war tariff satisfied me that the protectionists had already been ploughing with the Whig contingent's heifer."

Mr. Bigelow's intensity of feeling on the third-term question appears in a letter of his to Whitelaw Reid in the summer of 1875, when the possible continuance of Grant in office for another four years was exciting animated debate. Recent events and certain future possibilities give additional interest to the sentiments so emphatically expressed in the following:

"The two-term tradition derives all its force and vigor from the respect entertained in this country for the privilege we enjoy of changing our executive at convenient intervals and our hereditary aversion to dynastic authority. It means that or it means nothing. Whoever assists in or connives at breaking down that tradition assists in and connives at the transformation of our government from a republic to a monarchy, and that by the terms of the Constitution is treason; and our fathers saw fit to declare that traitors and those who abetted them were worthy of death — not the presidency."

More follows in the same strain, only intensified. From the Paris diary of 1877 we take a passage showing Victor Hugo in a characteristic attitude:

"When Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, was here, he sent a message that he would be glad to see Mr. Hugo. Hugo replied that he was much obliged to his Majesty, but that he made no visits. The Emperor sent a messenger the second time to know whether, if he called first on V. Hugo, the poet would return his visit. Hugo replied that he could not depart from his rule; that his Majesty the King of Bavaria had done him the honor to visit him, and that he had not returned his visit, and it was therefore only more difficult to make an exception, however agreeable it might be to do so, in the case of his Majesty. The Emperor sent again to know if they could not meet somewhere at Versailles during the session of the Senate of which Hugo was a member. Hugo saw no difficulty about that, and therefore they did meet in one of the committee rooms, and 'had a charming time.'"

Permission was graciously accorded by the poet to the potentate to join him at dinner some day in his own house, and there everything seems to have gone pleasantly. When Hugo's son entered and was bidden by his father to "salute his Majesty," the latter replied, "No, there is but one Majesty here, and he sits there"—pointing to his host; all which, says the diarist, was highly satisfactory to everyone concerned.

These later volumes have a wealth of interest, and a lightness of touch in narrative and comment, that make them even better reading than the earlier ones. Portraits and other illustrations are interspersed, and a full index (not faultlessly accurate, which would have been almost too much to expect) to the entire work is appended. The continuation of the "Retrospections," from Mr. Bigelow's later diaries and correspondence, is a consummation to be hoped for.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE "Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens," edited and amplified by his son, Mr. Homer Saint-Gaudens, will be issued in the autumn by the Century Co. in two large volumes, with many illustrations showing Saint-Gaudens's work, and persons and places associated with his life and career.

The Variorum "Julius Cæsar."*

The publication of another volume of the Variorum Shakespeare marks an important step towards the completion of a great and noble undertaking. The amount of work involved in the preparation of such a volume can scarcely be realized by one who has not sometime attempted such a task. The careful collation of the four Folios, the comparison of the texts of all the more important editions of this play since the time of Rowe, the thorough study of the poet's originals and of the history of the times of the protagonist of the drama, the investigation of possible sources for material contained in the play, the perusal of the letters of Cæsar's contemporaries for light on certain incidents, the critical study of the text itself and of the different interpretations by the poet's numerous editors and commentators, the selection of critical and æsthetic commentaries from the vast mass of French, German, and English commentary published during the past two hundred years, the study of other plays dealing with Julius Cæsar, the tracing of all sorts of obscure references to their sources, the verification of the editors' comments, etc., — are all so well done and, withal, so modestly that we cannot withold our admiration and gratitude for the present editor. Considering how well the work has been done as a whole, it is a pity to be compelled to pick flaws in it; but we cannot help judging this work by the high standard set for us by the late and universally beloved Dr. Furness, the most genial (in the German as in the English sense of this word), scholarly, and witty editor that ever shed light on the works of Shakespeare. The errors of the present editor, such as they are, can easily be remedied, and then his future work will come very near to that perfection aimed at by his illustrious predecessor.

The most important task of the editor of this volume, I take it, was the faithful reproduction of the Folio text, with all its peculiarities of capitalization, punctuation, italicization, line displacement, word and letter displacement, type peculiarities, etc. In this task he has failed, owing to careless proof-reading. For the benefit of those who own copies of the work in hand, I append the following list of the more important of these errors. In v. 5. 50, a comma is omitted after "labour'd," and in v. 5. 83, a superfluous comma is inserted after "onely"; in iv. 2. 31, *deceitful* should be *deceitfull;* in iv. 3. 25, *bribes* should be *Bribes;* in iv. 3. 31, *endure* should be *indure;* in iv. 3. 66, *Bru* should be *Brut;* in iv. 3. 10, the period after "Palme" should be a comma; in iv. 3. 275, *Tet* should be *Tit;* in l. 290 of the same scene *plesaure* should be *pleasure*, and in l. 309 a comma ought to follow *Musicke*. The substitution of *fight* for *sight* in v. 3. 86 is very bad. In v. 5. 49, *eyes* is misprinted *eyer*, and in v. 5. 18 the lozenge-shaped period after "griefe" should be a comma. In ii. 2. 100, we find *Straines* instead of *Staines*, and in ii. 4. 5, *thy errand* instead of *my errand;* in i. 2. 228, *than* should be *then;* a comma should be inserted after *swore* (i. 3. 26), after *pale* (i. 3. 68), and after *Cæsar* (iii. 1. 237); the period after *Confines* (iii. 1. 302) should be replaced by a comma; a period should not follow *course* (i. 2. 10). In i. 3. 93 *And* is misprinted *Are*, and in i. 3. 103 *walls* should be *Walls*. The reader must be cautioned, however, that some of these "errors" may be peculiarities of Mr. Furness's Folio. My study is based on the Sidney Lee facsimile of the Chatsworth Folio. In my copy of the Folio there is no sign of a hyphen between *strange* and *disposed* in i. 3. 35, and in iii. 2. 183 I find *Nerny*, not *Neruij*. Occasionally the Variorum emphasizes a particular capital letter which is not so emphasized in the original; very often it fails to reproduce the very heavy and clumsy periods of the Folio printer, and in some fifteen or eighteen instances it fails to reproduce the peculiar double-length capital *C* which elsewhere is reproduced. So, too, the displacements of single letters are not always copied. We would not call attention to these peculiarities were it not the editor's purpose to give an exact reproduction of the original. Other misprints mar the book throughout. On p. vii. of the preface, *seeing* is misprinted *seemg;* on p. 151 a verse from "Romeo and Juliet" is ruined by a superfluous comma, etc.

How trustworthy a guide the editor is to the texts of his predecessors I can judge only from the way he has dealt with Rolfe's revised edition of this play, — the only one I have taken the trouble to examine. Rolfe is not quoted every time he departs from the generally accepted text, nor are the readings peculiar to his text recorded. In i. 2. 304, both Craik and Rolfe print *my* for *mine*, in iii. 1. 288 Rolfe reads *hands* for *hand*, in iii. 2. 99 *ransom* for *ransoms*, in v. 4. 5, *of* for *to* (!), in v. 5. 79, *ordered* for *order'd*, in i. 2. 280, *my* for *mine*, in iv. 1.

* The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar. By William Shakespeare. Variorum edition. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

47, *answer'd* for *answered*, etc., but these are not noted by Mr. Furness.

In an edition of this kind it is always a difficult question to determine what to give and what to omit. It is impossible to suit all tastes. The habit of referring to the New English Dictionary for the interpretation of obscurities is, of course, a very good one. It brings home to the reader the fact that the understanding of what Shakespeare wrote depends very largely upon a knowledge of the peculiarities of the language of his day, that Elizabethan English is a wholly different thing from modern English, and that the poet's linguistic peculiarities were the peculiarities of his age. But in the present volume this tendency is somewhat overdone. A student of a variorum edition is usually too far advanced to need to be reminded that *proof* means experience, *knot* group, *grief's* grievances, *envious* malicious, *fire* enkindle, *regard* heed, *in* into, *warn* summon, etc. These are now commonplaces of Shakespeare study that even undergraduates are supposed to know. If an editor goes in for this sort of thing he ought to define every word not employed in its modern sense. If in the clause "since the quarrel will bear no color for the thing he is" the word "quarrel" is defined, why is not the word "color" defined? So in the sentence "be not jealous on me" *on* (of) is defined, but *jealous* (mistrustful) is not! At times the editor defines words, e.g. *exhalations*, that have their modern meaning or very nearly so. A variorum edition is not supposed to supersede the dictionary. And if Mr. Furness thinks it necessary to mark certain definitions (e.g. *quarrel*) as obsolete, why does he not give us this information in other instances, e.g. *degree* (p. 77)?

On the whole there is a tendency to superfluous defining, paraphrasing, and commenting. No reader of Shakespeare needs be told that "by Cæsar and by you" means "beside Cæsar and at your hands," or that "in his way that comes," means "in the way of him that comes," etc. So some of the quotations from Appian (e.g. that on p. 167), from Craik (on the word *orchard*), etc., are not necessary and do not tend to illuminate the poet. To compensate for this it may be mentioned as a great relief not to find in this volume constant references to monosyllables used as dissyllables, trisyllables as quadrisyllables, etc. In only one instance of this kind has the editor sinned. On p. 37, we are referred to Walker for evidence that *creature* is often pronounced as a trisyllable. Considering that the word is not so pronounced anywhere in this play, why encumber the book with unnecessary information, and that information of such a trivial sort? So, too, I consider it a fault to remind the reader in some half-dozen passages in which *where* occurs as a contraction for *whether* of that fact, and to refer him to Abbott or to Walker, especially as the passages in question never leave any doubt as to the fact.

The reproduction of the conventional coat-of-arms on the cover of this volume is an absurdity. That coat-of-arms is no more Shakespeare's "coat" than it is that of the King of England. At the cost of about one dollar the publishers could have a cut made of the arms assigned to the poet by the College of Arms in 1596 and carved on his Stratford monument. To depict the Shakespeare coat on the covers would be some sense, but to depict what is there reproduced is not. Another matter that should have received more attention is the Index. The mass of extremely valuable and interesting information stored up in this volume is deserving of and calls for a good Index. Dr. Rolfe, for example, is quoted several times in the volume; yet his name does not occur in the Index. The pagination of the Folio ought to have been reproduced, too, I think.

If we turn from what may be called the mechanical aspect of the editorial work to the personal we find much to praise and to admire. The editor's keen commonsense, his scientific mental habit, his shrewdness, his freedom from affectation and mysticism, the extent of his knowledge, and the range of his literary interests, have resulted in a large body of notes which are of the greatest value to the student. His quotations from Ferrero, Cicero, and Plutarch are always suggestive and informing. His eye is keen in the detection of the errors and oversights of his predecessors. He is keen in his comments on the far-fetched criticisms of men like Moulton, etc. The notes that particularly pleased me are those on Jonson's enmity to Shakespeare; on the words "Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon"; on Statillius (p. 270); on Cæsar's fictitious mantle; on the alliteration in iii. 1. 196; on the phrase "the manner of it" (p. 49); on the Senatus-consulta (p. 168); and on the effect of the monosyllables in iii. 1. 155–156. The attempted vindication of Brutus from the charge of having lied to Messala is not, *me judice*, successful. It is so easy to take refuge in the theory of a corrupted text that every such attempt must be regarded with suspicion. The scene with Messala cannot possibly

be omitted without woefully marring the scene. We may be sure there is good psychological reason for Brutus's conduct. Brutus has everywhere imposed on his critics by the high valuation he sets on himself, in other words, by his own blindness to his weaknesses. Brutus never admits or even thinks that he conspired against the life of his benefactor and friend because he was jealous of him and his growing power. He first decides that "it must be by his (Cæsar's) death" and then proceeds to find reasons for his determination. He rationalizes his unconscious motives, a disciple of the new (Freudian) psychology would say. That the reasons he assigns to himself in ii. 1. are not the true ones is evident from the fact that in his quarrel with Cassius he assigns a wholly different reason. And when a man assigns different reasons for his acts we may be sure that neither is the true one. It is exactly as with Hamlet's reasons for procrastination and Iago's reasons for conspiring against Othello.

The "new psychology" might also very well be invoked to explain one or two points in the portrayal of Cæsar. It has long been noted, and Mr. Furness has some very interesting comments on it, that Shakespeare represents Cæsar as being "temporarily" (?) deaf after his epileptic fit. Several explanations of this have been given,—that it is only a touch of vivid portraiture, that it is a symbol of Cæsar's obstinacy and refusal to heed the warnings, that it is not to be taken literally, etc. No one, as far as I am aware, has ever thought of asking why Shakespeare departs from Plutarch in subjecting Cæsar to an epileptic fit at the moment of the populace's disapproval of his crowning. So, too, according to Plutarch, Cæsar's tearing open his doublet collar and offering his throat to be cut happened on another occasion, among his friends and in his own house. Nothing in all Shakespeare attests more convincingly the poet's marvellous insight into the workings of the human soul than this incident. Shakespeare shows us in his unconscious way that Cæsar really never suffered from genuine epilepsy. Cæsar's falling sickness came on late in life, Plutarch tells us, and the attacks occurred only after great emotional excitement. In the light of Freud's revelations we may say that Cæsar suffered from a form of nervous disease called a "psychoneurosis," the manifestations of which are determined by unconscious causes. From Stekel we learn that in cases of hysterical epilepsy the exciting cause of the attack is an unconscious criminal impulse. To prevent this impulse from becoming conscious the individual falls into a fit (which gives vent to the repressed energy) and loses consciousness. Cæsar's attack manifests his covetous desire of becoming King and his hatred of the people for their disapproval of Antony's action. This is the meaning of the convulsion and what followed; not that it shows that Cæsar's fortune is waning or that the gods, too, conspire against him. Let us not resort to the supernatural when the psychological will serve. Cæsar's offer of his throat to the rabble and his fear that he may have said something amiss show what was in his mind before he fell. For the benefit of those who are not physicians it may be said that the reasons for not regarding Cæsar's attack as genuine epilepsy are the following: the attack occurred by day; it was preceded by emotional excitement; his loss of consciousness was not complete; he recovered consciousness very quickly and knew what had happened; his mind was perfectly clear after the convulsion; he was deaf (or deafened) on the left ear; his attacks began late in life; he was superstitious "of late" and presented many paranoiac tendencies. That the deafness was on the left side becomes significant when we bear in mind that in the language of the unconscious the left is the wrong, the sinful, the criminal.

One is disappointed to find so acute a scholar as Mr. Furness reproducing all the futile discussion (pp. 19 and 41) as to the Shakesperean pronunciation of "Rome" and "room." Who can doubt that a poet and a wit would force the pronunciation of any word a little for the sake of a rhyme or a word-play? While on the subject of pronunciation, it is somewhat surprising that the editor does not inform us how Elizabethans pronounced the word "spirit" as a monosyllable, — whether "spir't" or "sprit." (*Cf.* p. 40.) I am inclined to think that the word was often pronounced "spreet," and often so printed.

On p. 44 Mr. Furness reproduces Walker's note on the frequency of the interpolation of an *s* at the end of a word as being due to some peculiarity of Shakespeare's handwriting. If we had an authentic and undoubted specimen of the poet's handwriting this matter would be easily settled. But the only thing in this kind that we have is a portion of the MS. play of "Sir Thomas Moore" preserved in the British Museum, which it is impossible to prove to be a genuine MS. from the poet's hand, much as we may believe it is. This MS. and all other Elizabethan manuscripts show two distinct varieties of final *s* which cannot be mistaken

for anything else; nor is there any final character in it or them that in any way resembles a final *s*. The same is also true of the poet's will, which some believe to be holographic. The dramatist's genuine signatures show no final stroke that could be mistaken for a final *s*. For which reasons I do not believe that the interpolated final *s* originated in some peculiarity of Shakespeare's handwriting.

On p. 237 Mr. Furness falls into a peculiar error which is very unusual for him. In connection with the vanishing of Cæsar's ghost after Brutus had taken heart, he refers to "Macbeth" for an illustration of "a similar example of an effort of will overcoming an hallucination." But the two incidents are not at all alike. Macbeth takes heart only *after* the Ghost of Banquo vanished; his will had nothing to do with it. Witness his own words: "Why, so; being gone I am a man again." Psychologically the difference is very great. In "Macbeth" the Ghost is real, objective; in this play the Ghost is subjective, the projection of Brutus's guilty conscience.

It is somewhat surprising to find Mr. Furness, who is so alert in the detection of fine tonal effects, failing to point out the effectiveness of the words "And kill him in the shell." The shortness of the line had received its comment, but no one, as far as I know, has pointed out how these monosyllabic words with their three short i's and two short e's produce an effect as if the speaker were delivering a fatal blow. Shakespeare was very happy in the production of such effects, in adapting sound to sense; and every instance of it ought to be pointed out. Nothing finer in this kind has ever been produced than when King Lear pronounces his own doom: "So be my grave my peace as here I give her father's heart from her."

This review having already outgrown my intention I shall comment only on two or three other matters of minor nature. Brutus's "I do know you well" (iv. 2. 50) does not mean "since we are both intimate friends." It means, "I know how excitable, rash, hot-tempered, and choleric you are." That is why he says, "Cassius, be content; speak your griefs softly." Mr. Furness's emendation of "increasing" for "encreaseth" is unnecessarily "botching Shakespeare," as Professor Liddell would say. The passage (iv. 3. 246) is perfectly clear as it is, and no one has ever found any difficulty with it. Nor can I receive favorably Walker's suggestion (p. 134) that we stress the word "of" in the verse, "He draws Marc Antony out of the way." Imagine, if you can, any actor reading the line that way! Nor do I agree with Mr. Furness in thinking that Brutus's speech (i. 2. 26) would read well if read, "A soothsayer bids beware," etc. The cacophony is harsh, and the meaning of the sentence is ruined.

On the whole, the volume before us is one of the best editions of this play that has ever been published, and a worthy fellow to its predecessors in the "Furness Variorum Shakespeare."

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

JAPANESE COLOR-PRINTS.*

As year by year the circle widens of those who are familiar with the exquisite fascinations of the finer Japanese prints, there are produced occasional volumes of a quality that would have been impossible twenty-five years ago, when neither adequate data about the prints nor adequate processes of color-reproduction were available. Nowadays the reader, however remote he may be from the great print-collections, may have at his command trustworthy information regarding the artists and a true impression of the beauty of the prints themselves. The books of Fenollosa, von Seidlitz, and the great illustrated catalogues of the exhibitions at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs issued annually in Paris, have all contributed to this service. And now Mr. Frederick William Gookin, whom one may regard as the doyen of Japanese print lovers in America, has produced, in his "Japanese Colour-Prints and their Designers," a volume that will find a place beside the finest of its predecessors.

The magnificent colored illustrations of the volume catch one's eye first; and, unlike ordinary illustrations, they have a place of high importance in the total scheme of the book. People in general do not realize how difficult it is even to see, and how almost impossible it is to acquire, the really fine prints,—the works that have given this field of art its high and just fame. The finest prints are widely scattered,—as a rule, in the hands of private collectors; and these fortunate possessors, though without known exception they freely and gladly exhibit their treasures to all who ask, are not always easily

*JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS AND THEIR DESIGNERS. By Frederick William Gookin. A Lecture delivered before The Japan Society of New York, April 10, 1911; to which is appended a Catalogue of a Loan Collection of Japanese Colour-Prints exhibited at the Fifth Avenue Building, April 19 to May 19, 1911; together with Reproductions of Representative Prints included in the Exhibition. New York: The Japan Society.

accessible to the general public. Japan itself is now almost bare of such works. One may go from one end of that country to the other, and though one search diligently, one will perhaps not see a single print of the quality of those which Mr. Gookin reproduces. And so the value of these reproductions, in accurate color, of twenty-five of the supreme masterpieces of color-print design, is not small; nor is the service to the public in reproducing them a superfluous one. The noble magnificence of Toyonobu and Kiyonaga, the exquisite color of Utamaro and Shuncho, the colossal force of Sharaku, the spirituality of Eishi, and the delicacy of Harunobu,—all address the eye from these pages with a power so intense that the book may well serve as the Bible of those missionaries who go forth to convert the world to the religion of Japanese prints.

The history of the art of which these prints are the product is one of singular interest, and, until comparatively recently, of great obscurity. Mr. Gookin reviews, with insight, judgment, and a fine sense of perspective, its curiously brief course. This Ukiyoé, or Popular School, taking its rise, like a small stream, among the mountains of that older aristocratic art which Japan acquired from ancient China, began, at the end of the sixteenth century, in the time of the Tokugawa Shoguns, to swell into a broad river of gay and democratic artistic activity. The actor, the courtesan, the dancer, the man in the street, all began to find a place in an art that had hitherto been the select retreat of devotees of abstruse poetic allusion, venerable academic tradition, and almost incredible æsthetic refinements. In a people fundamentally inartistic, like our own, the result of this swing toward the mob would have been a crude vulgarization. In the Japanese, it resulted in such a rendering of the passing world of everyday vigorous life—which is what the word "Ukiyo" means—as still charms us with an immortal vitality and beauty.

One of the channels, and in certain ways the most interesting one, into which the life-stream of this popular school flowed was that of the color-print. Mr. Gookin dates the production of the first color-print as the year 1742, and attributes the invention of it to Okumura Masanobu. This is debatable ground; but on the debates we need not linger. Certain it is that from about this time on, year by year, and under many hands, the resources of the art expanded; until by 1765, in the work of Harunobu, practically all the possibilities of the technique had been realized. From then to the last decade of the century, the great period bloomed into amazing luxuriance; until, when the brush fell from the hands of the supreme master Kiyonaga, there began that decline which, passing through intermediate stages of such hauntingly lovely decadence, was to lead to the point where the art died a dreadful death of coarseness, commonplaceness, and hideousness in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. After this, it came to life only once, for a brief renaissance in the hands of Hiroshige, the peerless master of landscape; and died again forever, with him, in 1858.

To avoid confusion, it may be pointed out in passing that the word "Ukiyoé" is the identical term which most writers, including Mr. Gookin himself in his preface to Fenollosa's monumental catalogue of 1896, spell "Ukioye," and that "Eishi" is the same person who has been generally known as "Yeishi." On the principle that the latest dicta of a prophet are the best, we follow the author's change of opinion in this matter.

The wide first-hand experience and sound discriminative judgments that are at Mr. Gookin's command in his review of Ukiyoé history make it easily the best brief account in existence. His description of the technique of color-printing is, also, more illuminating than that of any of his predecessors. Von Seidlitz's volume still remains the most comprehensive survey of the field; but if one wished to give a layman a true and expressive picture of this region, and an alluring glimpse at the prints themselves in their authentic color, one would certainly choose this book as one's medium. For the more experienced student, so brief a book is bound to have gaps that arouse regret. When so vast a field is to be covered, omissions are unavoidable; and probably no two people would agree as to what could most properly be omitted. One may therefore legitimately and pleasantly quarrel with Mr. Gookin for his decision to ignore such artists as Shunman, the inventor of never-equaled harmonies in gray; Toyohiro, whose aristocratic delicacy of design frequently takes him into a world which his more famous and more productive master Toyokuni was never privileged to enter; and Kitao Masanobu, a creator of noble figures touched sometimes with a rare visionary quality that even the great Kiyonaga seems in certain moods to lack. But these are small quarrels, after all; and the omissions are fully accounted for by the necessity of compressing the material into a one-hour's lec-

ture, for delivery before the Japan Society of New York. Further, one finds compensation in the fact that the book contains no allusion whatsoever to Kunisada, Kikumaro, Yeizan, Kuniyasu, Shunsen, and all that heterogeneous horde whose works defiled the second half of the nineteenth century, and whose histories encumber the pages of too many previous treatises.

But on the other hand, one could wish that the author had faced a little more squarely the difficult, perhaps impossible, task of defining in words those elements of beauty in the prints which, though they make so sharp an appeal to the eye of the expert, are not always so obvious to the layman. One regrets a little that the author has not told us frankly what these prints mean to *him*, and disclosed to us his diagnosis of the springs of their enchantment. But perhaps the day has not yet come for such an interpretation. Certainly no writer has yet appeared to do for these artists what Walter Pater did for Botticelli, Leonardo, and Watteau,—positively enriching with his own perception of beauty the paintings of which he writes, and opening to a wider public the secret byways of a subtle and sensitive mind's æsthetic experience in the country of loveliness. It will perhaps be said that these prints have a less definite spiritual content, and lend themselves less readily to such explorations. But I believe this is not true: the spiritual content may be more nebulous here, more implicit in line and mass and color, and less concerned with the subject treated; but it exists,—otherwise this would not be art. And to define it must be the ultimate aim of criticism. Toward such an expression, all preliminary work in this field must lead; and even so finely expressive a book as the one before us will probably find its place ultimately with the treatises which, by sound scholarship and critical justness, prepare the way for that spiritual interpretation of these designs which must some day be written. Or is this the biased view of a mere writer,—of one who subconsciously wishes to reduce all the arts to the terms of the one he understands best? Perhaps a painter would doubt the need, the value, the possibility of any such verbal rendering of another art. And yet one cannot refrain from hoping that some day Mr. Gookin will devote his rare equipment to the service of such a task. There are implications in his writings leading one to conjecture that perhaps he already projects such an attempt.

At any rate, the Japanese print itself has come to take a high and permanent place in the world of western æsthetic experience. As we look at such works, their very unfamiliarity of subject sets us free from our habitual preoccupation with mere theme, which is so great a curse to us in our approach to our own art. Where all is strange, and no sentimentality or interest of association enters to corrupt our feeling, we may see as in a vacuum, so to speak, the pure elements of artistic creation liberated from combination with elements of accidental and personal charm. For this reason, if for no other, the prints have a unique value to students of the fundamental principles of design. The finest specimens open to us new vistas of delight; and even the poorest examples, if they date from the great period, have something to teach the westerner. But, as Mr. Gookin points out, the student primarily needs such familiarity with the rare works of the golden age as will lead him to turn quickly aside from the crude products of an extreme later decadence and the miserable late impressions made in vast numbers from the worn-out blocks of Hiroshige. Such repulsive prints are very common, and constitute, in the minds of most people, the whole body of Japanese art. Small wonder that these people look upon the collector as a queer faddist who finds beauty in discord and deformity! But anyone who desires to retain this unfortunate illusion should be wary enough not to look into Mr. Gookin's volume.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

GEORGE ELIOT'S INNER LIFE.*

A little work of distinct importance for general readers of George Eliot comes to us from England in humble guise. Says Professor C. H. Herford in his introductory note: "A book which is wholly occupied with the obscure preparatory years of a great writer, which closes with her first signal triumph, and ignores almost wholly the salient events of her later career, may appear to be a case of biography truncated, and truncated at the more interesting end. Yet to the student of literary origins," he adds, "the limited aim and scope of this essay will hardly need justification." Professor Herford seems to have in mind not so much the actual content of the work as its somewhat unfortunate title. "Early Life" does indeed suggest a narrow scope and large emphasis on "literary origins." But the book turns out to

*THE EARLY LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT. By Mary H. Deakin, M.A. Manchester: At the University Press. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

be a very good presentation of George Eliot's whole personality. It covers the first forty years of her life, and indicates, at the same time, the very few developments of any importance which occurred later. One wonders just what "salient events of her later career" (that is, the last twenty years of her life) Professor Herford had in mind — assuming that salient events, in the case of an author, are those which either strongly illuminate his nature or affect him so nearly as to have an important result for his writings.

Events of this quality, in George Eliot's case, were chiefly *antecedent* to "her first signal triumph," "Adam Bede" — they were, indeed, the means of making that triumph possible. They are comprised, very roughly speaking, within three periods: first, the initial twenty years of quiet country life, during which the girl's mind was unconsciously accumulating the material of future novels; then the decade spent in the town of Coventry, with its congenial and liberating influences; and finally, the early period of literary activity in London, which brought to bear on Marian Evans those external stimuli — chief among them the affectionate appreciation of G. H. Lewes — so necessary to stir into full activity her hesitant genius for narrative. When George Eliot finished "Adam Bede," she practically completed also her own inner development as an artist. By limiting itself to that development, Miss Deakin's book finds a place of its own between such sketchy biographies of George Eliot as Miss Blind's and Leslie Stephen's on the one hand, and on the other hand Cross's Life and Letters with its dreary tracts of lifeless details.

Within her chosen field, moreover, Miss Deakin is guided by an exceptionally sympathetic insight into her author's spiritual life. This sets her free from what may be called the "intellectual fallacy" in regard to George Eliot. "This woman author," remarks one who knew the late Professor Dowden in student days, "this woman author, with her chilly east wind of science and agnosticism, was a wintry frost to all of us, in those far-away days."* And as late as 1909, Professor Hugh Walker pronounces that "George Eliot sat upon a solitary throne which few cared to approach," — a somewhat strange statement considering the large sale of her books. The fact is that the mass of general readers, undiscriminatingly viewing George Eliot's art *in toto*, found her faults fairly easy to digest. Not so the critical. The generation of critics and biographers a little later than Dowden's was sufficiently liberated from Victorian romanticism to feel the essential warmth of George Eliot's view of life; but not sufficiently to make due allowance for the over-intellectuality of her art. This fault of hers — the unfortunate corollary of an intellectual quietude and precision recalling classic art and largely foreign to the age — was harder to accept than Dickens's sentimentality and Thackeray's gossipy chatter, especially since it was not easy to reconcile with the sex of "this woman author." Consequently the centre of her art and individuality, essentially feminine as it is, was somewhat obscured.

Now, Miss Deakin obviously belongs to a generation which has been considerably influenced by George Meredith; to whom, she remarks, George Eliot is closely akin, "especially in her wide, human, *understanding* sympathy, and her mental attitude toward life." And it is apparent throughout the book that Miss Deakin is an admirer of her author's "this-worldliness." As a result she is inclined to over-estimate George Eliot's art, when this comes into question. But on the whole she avoids the critical standpoint, and keeps to her aim of dealing with the novelist's works only in so far as they illuminate her personality. And here Miss Deakin's sympathy is of value. It enables her to escape the usual over-emphasis on George Eliot's intellect, and to hold fairly firmly to what was central in her personality. This is especially evident in the writer's treatment of that most interesting phase of George Eliot's emotional development: her relinquishment of Calvinistic evangelicalism, and adoption, while at Coventry, of a positivistic view of life.

Miss Deakin's achievement, then, has been to make clearer than before the harmony of George Eliot's emotional and intellectual life. One wishes, however, that she had developed this subject more fully and explicitly; she misses a number of excellent opportunities for doing so, as if unconscious of her mission. Furthermore, her book presents several misinterpretations; and the style is faulty. These several defects, however, seem to the present reviewer venial in comparison with the shortcomings characteristic of the majority of minor biographies which have been appearing during the past two decades — generally in connection with some series or other. The writers of these little books apply to their material no other principle of selection, seemingly, than that of setting down whatever items, of a biographical or critical

* See THE DIAL, May 16, 1913, p. 405.

nature, happen to pop into their minds. Unless, as infrequently happens, the biographer's own personality is of sufficient import to lend a continuous interest to his work, such a method is sterile,—peculiarly so when applied to the majority of nineteenth century authors, whose lives were on the whole lacking in external interest, and demand a treatment radically different from the impressionistic and anecdotal. Fortunately this need is beginning to be perceived. A trend toward a more centripetal treatment has made its appearance. At length, affected, perhaps, by the predominant scientific attitude of mind, several minor biographers have shown signs of willingness to go through the mental labor necessary to discover the essential beneath the purely external and commonplace. Such an aim naturally leads to the placing of greater stress on the earlier lives of nineteenth century authors. In extreme cases, like those of Wordsworth and George Eliot, where almost nothing of inner significance occurs in the author's later years, these may well be almost entirely ignored. M. Legouis's "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth," 1896, represents what may almost be designated a new literary genre. Miss Deakin's book is a humbler representative of the same general type. It evinces, even though imperfectly, the three essentials which this variety of work must possess if it is to be as attractive, and as successful, as the best biographies of the more Boswellian type: keen and comprehensive study of all available materials; deliberate concision; psychological understanding of personality, attended with complete sympathy for the author under consideration.

GEORGE ROY ELLIOTT.

THE PITH OF THE CLASSICS.*

Banting in literature is a proposition which will soon have to be seriously considered, if the human race is not to be crowded off the planet by the accumulation of books. There have been individual instances of prodigious literary production in the past; but as a rule the writers whose work has come down to us, while they might have had as much to say as our moderns, did not take up as much room to say it in. Many recent poets for instance have written as much as the combined work of Homer, Virgil, Lucretius, Pindar, Horace, and Catullus. We cannot rely on an Omar coming along to burn our libraries; and as our authors will not themselves do anything to reduce their superfluous avoirdupois, the business will have to be attended to for them.

A beginning was made by Matthew Arnold when he compressed Wordsworth and Byron each into a small volume. He was successful with the first, whose work is easily divisible into good and bad; but Byron, who is always Byron, cannot be really represented by single pieces or extracts. Richardson's interminable epic of sentiment, "Clarissa Harlowe," has also been condensed; but it is more tolerable with all its original embonpoint than in the skeletonized presentment.

But the largest effort which has been made to put English classics into limitation and confine is "The Regent Library," some fourteen volumes of which have been issued, with more in preparation. The plan of this publication consists in giving the best short pieces or specimen extracts from the respective authors, with requisite apparatus of biographical and critical introductions, notes, testimonials and bibliographical appendices. As far as the three poets now included — Cowper, Wordsworth, and Shelley — are concerned, the result is all that could be desired. Practically everything is given of these writers which anyone save a professed student or a special enthusiast really needs. More than that, by the separation of their grain from their chaff these poets gain in value and efficacy. In Cowper's case it may be noted that a very few pages suffice to contain the poetry which time has winnowed from his mass, and that the greater part of the book is given up to his letters,—"Cowper's divine chit-chat."

In regard to the essayists, also, we think the method of this set of reprints fully justifies itself. As much of Johnson, the writer, is given as most human beings will want to read; the far more important Johnson, the talker, being always accessible in Boswell. The introduction to this volume is in Mr. Chesterton's best style,—a style which makes so many hits and yet so little impression. The volume devoted to Leigh Hunt gives the finest wine of that exhilarating spirit, though the criticisms from "Imagination and Fancy" can hardly be appreciated

* THE REGENT LIBRARY. First volumes: Thomas Love Peacock, by W. H. Helm; Mrs. Gaskell, by E. A. Chadwick; Blaise de Monluc, by A. W. Evans; Wordsworth, by E. Hallam Moorhouse; Leigh Hunt, by Edward Storer; Samuel Johnson, by Alice Meynell and G. K. Chesterton; George Eliot, by Viola Meynell; Charles Dickens, by W. H. Helm; Jane Austen, by Lady Margaret Sackville; Shelley, by Roger Ingpen; Mary Wollstonecraft, by Camilla Jebb; William Cowper, by Edward Storer; Samuel Richardson, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. Each with photogravure portrait. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

without the poetry which they accompany and interpret. It was a good idea of the editor's to include Mary Wollstonecraft in the series. The quite full reproduction of the "Rights of Woman" of this pioneer of the woman cause ought to be of special interest to-day. The introduction is an admirable brief biography, and its enthusiasm for Mary Wollstonecraft's noble character is borne out by her letters. Perhaps no English author needs a popularizing volume of this kind more than Thomas Love Peacock. He can hardly be said to be hidden in excess of light; but his fulness of thought, and his odd turn of wit, humor, and satire, have kept him from having any vogue.

In regard to the novelists included in the Library — Richardson, Jane Austen, Mrs. Gaskell, Dickens,— we are more in doubt as to the value of the volumes. The art of novel writing is largely the art of dilution, and a glass of sea water does not become more concentrated by being separated from its parent element. Extracts cannot give the power and completeness of great characters, the building up of which is the novelists' most triumphant work. Even so, however, such specimens are better than critical disquisitions or studies which fill a reader's mind with second-hand impressions of authors of whom perhaps he may not have read a page in the original books. Such specimens may at least give him a taste, a flavor, which is keen in its kind, and which may lead him on to a full repast.

The Library only goes afield for one volume, a partial reproduction of Charles Cotton's translation of the Commentaries of Blaise de Monluc, sometime Marechal of France. This is a fine record of fighting and adventure by a precursor of D'Artagnan, whose life had more of real warfare in it and less of swaggering than that of Dumas's hero.

It seems to us that it would be an excellent thing if the projectors of this series were to extend its scope and let us have in translation volumes of specimens of many modern continental authors. Lessing, Goethe, Heine, Hugo, De Musset, Lamartine, Manzoni, Leopardi, Carducci, and a score of others could thus be brought within the horizon of multitudes of English and American readers to whom in their own languages or in bulky translations they are sealed books.

But there is still plenty of work to be done at home. Two English authors, Burns and Coleridge, who are not included in the prospectus of the Regent Library, would seem especially in need of its methods. Out of Burns's three hundred pieces, long and short, not more than forty-five or fifty are of great value, have the stamp of immortality. It would be a service to him to separate these from the mass of mediocre verse and failures. Coleridge's four or five best pieces are the most quintessential poetry in the language. There are a few other lyrics, three odes, and a number of translated passages which might go with these. His great criticism is already a chaos of fragments so it would be no sacrilege to select the best of it to make up a volume.

The volumes of "The Regent Library" are well printed, of convenient and compact form, and sold at a very moderate price. Each volume contains a photogravure portrait.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Twilight stretches in Greek religion.

In the course of the last decade THE DIAL has frequently commented upon the historical and ethical significance of Greek religion, and upon the important developments following the application of the methods and results of anthropology to the available material in that field. The day when the scholar settled the problems of Hellenic religious customs and feeling by referring only to the great authors of antiquity is definitely past; and the twentieth century student is quite as likely to appeal to a Central Australian *tabu* as to a passage from Æschylus. This tendency is seen very instructively in Professor Gilbert Murray's "Four Stages of Greek Religion" (Columbia University Press). The brilliant author, as everyone knows, is a literatus of the literati, and he himself still distinguishes in his preface between "the anthropologist" and "the scholar"; but he has welcomed the new light most heartily, and two of the main divisions of the volume depend very largely upon conceptions and postulates outside the old literary range. Professor Murray takes up first the primitive beginnings of religion in Greece, the Age of Ignorance; secondly, the Olympian, or classical stage; thirdly, the Hellenistic period, the "Failure of Nerve"; and fourthly, the final pagan reaction in the time of Julian. In its treatment "the book avoids the great illuminated places, and gives its mind to the stretches of intervening twilight." It is delightfully clear and intelligible, as well as provocatively suggestive, and will amply repay thoughtful perusal. In the first two sections a reviewer could stir a quarrel on almost any page, particularly where conclusions are cheerfully based upon the author's well-known theories about Homeric problems. Nothing could be more irritating to a disputant who cannot share Professor Murray's

confidence in their validity. However, these and all other differences are merely incidents of progress in a difficult subject, "which is still changing and showing new facets year by year." In the third and fourth divisions the conditions of judgment are more stable, and the conclusions proportionately less controvertible. It was a most happy thought to include, as an authoritative statement of pagan doctrine in the fourth century, a translation of the little-known work of Sallustius, "On the Gods and the World." The studies are written in the graceful English one associates with Professor Murray's name, although in a few instances a sensitive ear will feel that facility of presentation has lapsed into carelessness.

The workings of European governments.

"The Governments of Europe" is the title of an interesting and informing volume by Prof. Frederic Austin Ogg of Simmons College, Boston. "It is the object of this book to promote the intelligent study of government by supplying working descriptions of the governmental systems of the various countries of western and central Europe as they have taken form and as they operate at the present day." It was the author's intention to include all the European governments, but lack of space forced him to omit those of Russia, Turkey, and the Balkan States. Much has been written on Professor Ogg's subject in recent years, but his work has certain characteristics that entitle it to a place in the literature of political science: it is historical as well as descriptive, and discusses forces as well as forms. Except in the case of the English government, the author has not found it necessary to sketch an extensive historical background, as nearly all the constitutions of modern Europe have seen the light since 1815; still, he is careful in every case to trace the genesis of the prevailing system. Some attention is also given to governmental forces as organized in political parties. Most of the space is given to the central institutions, but local government is not neglected, though it must be said that this phase of the subject shows less skilful treatment. The discussion has been brought down to date on every subject: the book gives satisfactory accounts of the constitution of Bosnia-Herzegovina (1910), of Alsace-Lorraine (1911), of the republican constitution of Portugal (1911), of the last English Parliament Act (1911), and of the newer political issues that have disturbed European politics during the last few years. Though primarily intended for text-book purposes, Professor Ogg's book will also prove serviceable for the general reader who wishes clear and concise accounts of how government is administered in the European states.

The art treasures of Hertford House.

To the series of illustrated handbooks on "The Art Galleries of Europe" published by L. C. Page & Co. there is added a handsome volume entitled "The Art of the Wallace Collection," by Mr. Henry C. Shelley. It is now thirteen years since Hertford House, where the late Sir Richard Wallace gathered his matchless examples of French, Dutch, Flemish, and British art, was opened to the world as a public museum maintained by the English government in accordance with the terms of Lady Wallace's will; but no such popularly useful and interesting account of its treasures in painting, sculpture, furniture, arms, and armor as Mr. Shelley has at last prepared has hitherto been available. His book opens with a short preface, then sketches the history of the Wallace collection, with some account of Lord Hertford, by whom was bequeathed to Richard Wallace what was to constitute the best part of the now famous art treasures bearing the legatee's name, and then proceeds to describe the more remarkable features of the collection as they are to be seen in the various galleries of the museum. Illustrations from photographs, forty-eight in number, help to call attention to what is most noteworthy; and the book is well indexed at the end. A former keeper of the collection, Sir Claude Phillips, has very recently called attention, in the London "Telegraph," to its peculiar importance and value. He says: "If the French art of the eighteenth century is now much better known in England than it was a few years ago, the reason is that the Wallace collection has permanently brought under the eyes of connoisseurs and the public much that is finest in the painting and sculpture, as well as the applied art, of that period." He also declares that Watteau's art is here "illustrated on a larger scale and in greater variety and brilliancy than in any gallery, public or private, save only those of the Louvre and of the palaces of Berlin and Pottsdam." Hence it is that one might reasonably have expected in Mr. Shelley's book a more marked emphasis on the Watteau feature of the collection, and more than his one illustration from that artist. But the volume is carefully prepared, shows the courage of the writer's preferences, and is interesting.

The story of a working woman.

It is a hard saying, but much of the trouble in the civilized world to-day rests upon ignorance of the conditions prevailing outside of the economic class to which each of us is assigned. The poor are ignorant of the grace and ease of living among the wealthy and refined, or by their very numbers they would make extravagances and excesses impossible; the rich and cultivated are no less ignorant of the degradation involved in utter poverty, or merely for humanity's sake they would take steps to alleviate it. Few in the community know the whole truth about both the classes which may be roughly grouped as "poor" or "rich," and it is significant that those who do are largely devoting their lives to an amelioration of existing conditions. No better basis for imagining what it is that the very poor have to contend with, hour by hour, can be found than "The Autobiography of a Working Woman" (F. G. Browne & Co.), to the American edition of which an introduction has been provided by Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in addition to the introductions already

written for the English edition by August Bebel and J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P. It is the story of the life of Mrs. Adelheid Popp, a leader among German socialists, covering her entire memory of life until she found herself through sheer force of character in her present commanding position. Throughout her girlhood she was very poor. Her father drank himself into an early grave, leaving his family destitute of everything except the tender compassion of those no better off than themselves — that wonderful charity of the poor toward one another, by which the rich, if they could realize it, would be shamed. Little by little, chiefly through an engrossing love for reading, the girl lifted herself intellectually out of the ignorance and superstition to which she was born. Socialism, chiefly in the form of benefiting mankind, took the place of her old religion, and by its ideals she shaped a new life. She married within the socialistic ranks and found there all her happiness, using the inspiration it gave her to elevate those still in the stratum from which she had extricated herself. The book shows no dogmatism and presents no minute facts which might tire a casual reader, but it is instinct with truth, and it presents that bitter sordidness which has been the destruction of countless souls less strong than that unconsciously depicted by its author.

Sight-seeing in Central America.

Mr. George Palmer Putnam, of journalistic experience and talents, as his chapters reveal, presents a brisk and entertaining as well as instructive account of things seen in Central America in his book, "The Southland of North America" (Putnam). From Panama to Guatemala he and his wife proceeded by leisurely stages — or steamers, rather — stopping at the chief seaports, and now and then pushing inland from the Pacific coast to an interior capital or other point of interest. Twice (at Limon and Puerto Barrios) the Atlantic shore line was reached, and once, in Guatemala, a point was attained by the writer where the two oceans were visible. This commanding height was the summit of Mt. Acatenango. By familiar intercourse with official and other persons in the countries visited, Mr. Putnam equipped himself with facts and figures and other information for the ultimate enrichment of his volume. He also brought home a large number of photographs taken by himself and turned to excellent account in the illustration of the book. A good map is provided, as also an appendix packed with statistical and other useful matter in condensed form. From his chapter on Costa Rica's capital, we quote in closing this bit of information concerning an institution one might not have expected to find in that little tropical city: "The Biblioteca Nacional, or public library, with about 50,000 volumes well housed, represents the literary side of life better than might be expected in an isolated land of 350,000 inhabitants. To be sure, the dust that covers many shelves perhaps indicates a livelier interest in music and the drama than in literature. Mark Twain was well represented, and Señor Ferroz, the aged librarian, told us that Dickens, whose works we found in Spanish and French as well as English, was by all odds the 'best seller' to-day." Especially commendable is Mr. Putnam's care to confine his remarks to that of which he has personal or otherwise trustworthy knowledge, a practice not universal with writers on Latin America.

The making of our Constitution.

Professor Max Farrand's volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, "The Framing of the Constitution" (Yale University Press), is based upon the same author's elaborate work, "The Records of the Federal Convention," already reviewed at length in the columns of THE DIAL. The "Records," largely concerned with matters of textual criticism, made its appeal to the technical student; "The Framing of the Constitution" is a summary of the impressions of the Federal Convention derived by the author from his ten years' labor in this special field of American history, and is intended for popular consumption. It is an example of what such a work ought to be; for while the narrative is made simple, and references are omitted, the book is the result of a scholarly investigation, and in every page meets the tests of criticism. In this respect it contrasts interestingly with the corresponding chapters in Fiske's "Critical Period," which present, for the most part, an interesting decoction of Bancroft. Professor Farrand treats of the defects of the Confederation, the calling of the Convention, its personnel and organization, the plans that were submitted to its consideration, the compromises that were made, and the adoption of the Constitution. A final chapter reviews in its entirety the work accomplished at Philadelphia, reaching the conclusion that the Constitution is "neither a work of divine origin, nor 'the greatest work that was ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man,' but a practical workable document." "Planned to meet certain immediate needs and modified to suit the exigencies of the situation, it was floated on a wave of commercial prosperity, and it has been adapted by an ingenious political people to meet the changing requirements of a century and a quarter."

Memoirs of a famous English radical.

William Cobbett, the noted English journalist who began his years of usefulness as a bird-scarer and closed his career as a member of Parliament, was one of the most interesting, most important, and unique characters of English history in the nineteenth century. He is now remembered chiefly as the originator of certain very useful literary ventures, such as the Parliamentary History, the State Trials, and the Political Register. But in his own day he was prominent as an opposition journalist, as a political pamphleteer of the radical type. Cobbett has recently found an enthusiastic biographer in Mr. Lewis Melville, who has published his studies in the life and times of the great radical leader in two volumes under the title "The Life and Letters of William

Cobbett in England and America" (Lane). There have been earlier sketches of Cobbett's life, but no one has hitherto attempted so complete a study as the one undertaken by Mr. Melville. The author has had access to a great deal of unpublished material, chiefly letters, many of which have been embodied in the work. The volumes are not a biography as the term is usually understood: they are a collection of letters, with occasional pages of narrative where the documents fail to tell a clear or connected story. Mr. Melville is an admirer of William Cobbett, but his admiration has not left him blind to the defects of Cobbett's character: proper emphasis is placed on his abilities and achievements, but no attempt is made to conceal his inordinate egotism or to justify his crude and violent methods. The author has successfully avoided the appearance of partisanship and the temptation to act as an advocate. His work, however, will be of only slight interest to the general reader; but the serious student of English history will find it of great value for the light that the documents throw on the early history of British radicalism.

Earnest essays on serious themes.

No other of our latter-day essayists approaches in combined incisiveness and ponderosity Mr. Francis Grierson, whose latest volume, "The Invincible Alliance and Other Essays" (Lane), has just appeared. His style is at once a keen rapier and a crushing sabre, and he brandishes his dangerous weapon with magnificent assurance. "It requires Anglo-maniacal effrontery to broach the subject of disarmament when dealing with a people like the Germans. Whence comes this effrontery?" The old dispensation, having survived six hundred years, he says elsewhere, is at an end, and we are at the threshold of a new civilization: "Conditions will change to such a degree that in nothing will the coming dispensation resemble anything in the old." Again, "To-day nothing but a hatch separates us from primitive barbarism." In subject, the essays range from "Republic or Empire?" and "Savonarola" to "The Psychology of Dress" and "The Soul's New Refuge." All are serious in treatment, for the author is terribly in earnest even when his tone is bantering. Indeed, his pronunciamentos, though they indicate wide knowledge and observation and an active mind, too often suggest grimness and inflexibility. Yet these very qualities have their value: Mr. Grierson awakens the mind, starts long and often new trains of thought, through his unique rapier and sabre attack.

Addresses of an English statesman and diplomat.

Mr. James Bryce's retirement to private life and return to his own country after acting as its official representative at Washington for the last six years give especial interest and weight to the volume of public utterances—"University and Historical Addresses" (Macmillan)—which he has published as embodying the treatment of topics having an importance that is more than ephemeral. Twenty-two out of a far larger number of discourses delivered in America between 1907 and 1912 are thus reproduced, with some changes, additions, and omissions, from the speaker's notes. Naturally they are in most instances what we call "occasional" addresses,—addresses commemorative of some historic anniversary or in celebration of some literary or educational festivity. Thus we find, among the more important subjects treated, "The Beginnings of Virginia," "The Landing of the Pilgrims in 1620," "Thomas Jefferson: Third President of the United States and Founder of the University of Virginia," "The Character and Career of Abraham Lincoln," "The Study of Ancient Literature," "Some Hints on Reading," and "The Constitution of the United States." What the reader of literary tendencies will most like in the book is the repeated insistence on the importance of the "humanities" in all courses of higher education, and the warning against too early or too great specialization. Like apples of gold in pictures of silver is this fitly-spoken word. An incidental compliment of a high order to our public library system will be found near the beginning of the author's remarks on reading. The addresses are all excellent as literature—which cannot be said of most public speeches,—and they preserve much of the charm of Mr. Bryce's personality.

New treatments of Goethe.

Among the most temperate of recent estimates of Goethe is the little volume entitled "Goethe and the Twentieth Century" (Holt), by Prof. J. G. Robertson, of the University of London. A long residence in Germany has given Professor Robertson a genuine German appreciation of his author, yet he cannot wholly overcome his native Scotch standards of reason and conduct. The little book tempts to much quotation, but it will be fairer to let English readers resort for themselves to so condensed and on the whole so fair a presentation of Germany's greatest exemplar. Professor Robertson's argument is, that Goethe is peculiarly individualistic and therefore continues to appeal to modern men. "Whatever we may say of the futility, or even shallowness, of Goethe's metaphysics; however vague and elusive his religious thought may be; however transient and unjustified by later developments his social and political theories, we have still to say that no thinker of modern times has spoken so wisely and with such finality on the conduct of personal life as Goethe." To all of which one might easily dissent, to the detraction as well as to the commendation. But nevertheless, this is a book well worth reading.—Alexander Baumgartner's "Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke" (St. Louis: Herdersche Verlagshandlung) is a work that commands respect for the thoroughness of its research and the frankness of its attack. As an antidote to the deification of Goethe, so common among German critics and historians, it has its proper place. It must be said

that Baumgartner is not wholly without admiration for the great German pagan, and treats him rather better than Menzel. Perhaps no other biography of Goethe is so coherent, diary-like, and useful for reference.

The study of a great American industry.

In "The Cotton Manufacturing Industry in the United States" (Harvard University Press), Dr. Melvin T. Copeland, brings together the results of several years of investigation concerning the growth and present condition of a staple American industry. The first part of the study is devoted to the history and present organization of the industry, while in the second part the relative position of the United States with reference to other countries is taken up. The growth of the industry is traced from the establishment of the first successful cotton mill in this country, in 1790, down to the present day, as evidenced by spinning and weaving, the making of lace and smallwares and knit goods. Then follow chapters on geographical distribution, technical development, labor, textile schools, scale of production and specialization, associations and combinations, the raw cotton market, the cloth market, export trade, import trade, and dividends and prices. The relative position of the United States is brought out by a first-hand study, and by comparison of the industry here with that in England, France, Switzerland, and Germany. As to export trade the conclusion is that the competition which American exporters will find most severe is that of the English. The study is both scholarly and interesting, and will prove of great value to the student of economic development.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Of especial appeal to American readers among the latest volumes in "Everyman's Library" (Dutton) are Crèvecœur's "Letters from an American Farmer," with an interesting introduction by Mr. Warren Barton Blake; and Robert Buchanan's "Life and Adventures of Audubon," with a reprint of Mr. John Burroughs's essay on Audubon by way of preface. We trust that these two fascinating records of outdoor life in the early days of America may find many thousands of new readers in this convenient and inexpensive form.

Few American publishing enterprises are deserving of such unqualified approval as the "Macmillan Standard Library," which is making accessible in substantial and inexpensive form some of the best serious books of recent years. Two late additions to the series, typical of its general quality, are Mr. H. G. Wells's "New Worlds for Old," probably the most lucid and convincing outline of Socialism now available; and Professor Mahaffy's well-loved "Rambles and Studies in Greece," which although issued nearly forty years ago still holds its own. This new edition (the seventh) seems to have been carefully revised, and contains a new preface by the author.

A pretty little volume of "Ancient Gems in Modern Settings," being versions from the Greek Anthology in English rhymes by various authors, has been compiled by Dr. G. B. Grundy, and issued by the Oxford publisher, Mr. B. H. Blackwell. The compiler has frankly followed his own taste in the matter of the versions selected, and a liberal sprinkling of his own skilful renderings is included. The result as a whole is perhaps the most satisfactory presentation of the Anthology now available in English. It seems to us that the translators' names should have been appended to their work; one does not like to have to refer constantly to a table of contents for information of this sort. But we can find no other ground for criticism of what is altogether a charming little book.

The noteworthy "Loeb Classical Library" (Macmillan), which was described and discussed in detail in our issue of February 16 last, is making satisfactory progress. Of the later volumes that have reached us, only one belongs to the Latin section,—the first of three volumes embodying Cicero's Letters, in the rendering of Mr. E. O. Winstedt. The Greek books comprise a two-volume Sophocles, translated by Mr. F. Storr; "The Greek Bucolic Poets," translated by Mr. J. M. Edmonds; Appian's Roman History, translated by Dr. Horace White, in four volumes; "The Fall of Troy" by Quintus of Smyrna, translated by Dr. Arthur S. Way; the second and concluding volume of "The Apostolic Fathers," translated by Mr. Kirsopp Lake; the "Argonautica" of Apollonius Rhodius, translated by Mr. R. C. Seaton; and the first of three volumes comprising the Works of the Emperor Julian, translated by Dr. Wilmer Cave Wright.

What libraries to visit in Great Britain, when the American librarian takes his vacation abroad, is a question not unlikely to arise; and the answer will be found, succinctly given, in "A British Library Itinerary" (London: Grafton & Co.), by Mr. James Duff Brown, Borough Librarian of the Islington Free Libraries, prolific writer on library science, and initiator of a number of reforms in library administration. More than fivescore libraries in England, Scotland, and Wales, chosen in such manner as to present all varieties of type without needless repetition, are arranged in groups, under such headings as "Liverpool Centre," "Manchester Centre," "Edinburgh Centre," "London Centre," etc., with brief descriptions calling especial attention to characteristic features. The little guide is put forth in response to a demand for some such selective list from American and Colonial librarians, and seems excellently suited to its purpose.

Wilhelm Lamszus's booklet, "The Human Slaughter-House" (Stokes), made its author known in Germany partly because of its character, partly also because the government authorities of his district tried to oust him from his teaching position for writing it. That he possesses literary power of the hysterical sort is sufficiently shown by these pages. The thing reminds one of "The Red Laugh" of Andreiff. The scenes it pictures from "the war that is sure to come," though possible, are none the less imaginary and are not likely to inspire the average man with an aversion to war. Lamszus's thesis, which is further developed in the excellent preface by Mr. Oakley Williams, is that war is now no more a conflict between persons, and can no longer claim the benefits which are alleged to proceed from such conflicts; it is to-day a conflict waged by machinery. The machine gun delivers wounded and dead men as another machine turns out buttons in a factory. All that is needed, thinks Lamszus, is some mechanical

device to bury the victims. It seems analogous to an Armour or Swift plant, hence the title, "The Human Slaughter-House."

The first volume of the Truxton Beale Prize Essays, published by the University of California, deals with Tolstoy's "What Shall We Do Then?" It is not only notable as a most interesting departure in university publications and university incentives to thought, but the subject of the essays and the manner of treatment speak well for the social idealism which is permeating American university circles. The first essay in this collection of five is by Mr. Bayard Hale Jones, and exhibits the social teachings of Tolstoy in relation to his personal experiences and the almost mediæval state of the country whose problems gave birth to Tolstoy's social idealism. The second essay, by Mr. Sheldon Warren Cheney, contains an interpretation and a critical application of Tolstoy's ideas to the present-day social situation. The testimony of these and the other essayists whose work is included in the volume is a remarkable one to the suggestive as well as the inspirational value of Tolstoy's thought.

NOTES.

"The Mastery of Grief," a little book of consolation for the afflicted, by Mr. Bolton Hall, is announced by Messrs. Holt & Co.

Sir James M. Barrie, playwright and novelist, who has arranged for his second visit to America, plans to reach New York in November.

"Every Day in My Garden," a practical reference book for amateur gardeners, by Virginia E. Verplanck, will be published immediately by William R. Jenkins Co.

Lieutenant Jerome C. Hunsaker's translation of M. Eiffel's "Resistance of the Air and Aviation" is published this month by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The University of London Press will issue in the autumn "The Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat," edited from the manuscripts, with comments and facsimile reproductions, by Mr. A. K. Forwell.

"Some Problems of Modern Government," a volume of essays by Professor William Taft, is announced for fall publication by the Yale University Press. It contains the substance of the eight lectures recently delivered by him at the University.

Mr. Bernard Miall has prepared a translation of President Poincaré's "How France Is Governed," a volume giving an exposition of the national system of France. The volume is announced for immediate publication by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Norman Duncan has returned from a long trip to Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, where, together with the artist Mr. George Harding, he has been collecting material for a series of travel articles which will appear in "Harper's Magazine."

The articles of Mr. Robert Hichens on the Balkan Peninsula and its scenic wonders which have been appearing in the "Century" will be published in book form in the late fall by the Century Co. The illustrations in color are from the canvases of M. Guérin.

Among other Oxford Press books now in active preparation are the following: "The Rise and Fall of the High Commission," by Roland G. Usher; "The King's Council during the Middle Ages," by James F. Baldwin; "Stoics and Sceptics," by Edwyn Bevan; "The Living Past: A Sketch of Western Progress," by F. S. Marvin; "The Genesis of Lancaster," by Sir James Ramsay; and "Collected Papers of Henry Sweet," edited by H. C. Wyld.

Among forthcoming books to be published by Messrs. Paul Elder & Co. are "The Inhumanity of Socialism," by Mr. Edward F. Adams, a third edition of "Comfort Found in Good Old Books," by Mr. George Hamlin, and the same author's new volume, "A Critic in the Orient."

With California so prominently in the public eye as it is at present, a timely interest attaches to "The Story of California," by Mr. Henry K. Norton, which Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for early publication. In this volume the history of the state is covered from 1542 to the present time.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce for early issue "Public Opinion and Popular Government," by President Lowell of Harvard; "Organized Democracy," by Mr. Frederick A. Cleveland; "Modern American Speeches," edited by Professor Lester W. Boardman; and "A History of England," by Professor Edward P. Cheyney.

Five books are on the list of publications of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for the month. They include "The Psychology of Laughter," by Boris Sidis; the seventh volume of Professor John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States"; "A Handbook of Wireless Telegraphy," by Mr. James Erskine-Murray; "De Garmo's Wife," by David Graham Phillips; and "The Whistling Man," by Mr. Maximilian Foster.

To meet the demand in Germany for Mr. George J. Kneeland's "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," arrangements have been made for a German translation of the book, and of the three forthcoming publications to be issued by the Century Co. for the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The translator is Frau Adele Schreiber, of Berlin, a prominent worker in the suffrage movement in Germany, and author of two important works on "The Child" and "The Mother."

Coincident with the publication by Mr. B. W. Huebsch of the second volume of Hauptmann's Dramas in English, comes the news that "political and intellectual Germany has not for years been so torn asunder as at the present moment over the action of the city of Breslau in banning Gerhart Hauptmann's epic centenary drama on the ground of its alleged unpatriotic tendencies," to quote a special despatch to the New York "Times." The despatch goes on to state that the play was taken off at the instance of the Crown Prince, and that the country "is fairly divided into Hauptmann and anti-Hauptmann camps." Their charges and counter-charges fill the press, dominate private conversation, and are so all-pervasive that they have already obliterated the jubilee memories.

Among the fall publications of the Yale University Press already approved by the University Council's Committee on publications are the following: "Life and Letters of Nathan Smith," edited by Emily A. Smith; "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by Sir William Osler; "Earth Hunger and Other Essays," by William Graham Sumner; "From the Letter Files of William Samuel Johnson," edited by Elizabeth A. Osborne; "Trade Morals, their Origin, Growth, and Province," by Edward Page; "The Ethics of Public Service," by Henry Crosby Emery; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, Ph.D., revised,

with additions, by William H. Price, Ph.D.; "Catalogue of Early Printed Books Given to Yale University Library in 1894 by William Loring Andrews, M.A."; "Lectures," by the Rev. Charles Parkhurst.

The first volume of the Bibliography of Modern English History, the compilation of which was undertaken by a joint committee of the American and British Historical Associations, is now nearly ready. The work will continue Gross's "Sources and Literature of English History to the Middle Ages," compiling the material from the Middle Ages to the present time. The chairman of the English committee is Dr. G. W. Proth, editor of "The Quarterly Review," and the chairman of the American committee is Professor Edward P. Cheyney, author of "A Short History of England."

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 84 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

All the Days of My Life: An Autobiography, The Red Leaves of a Human Heart. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated, large 8vo, 528 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

The Life of John Bright. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 480 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4.50 net.

James S. Wadsworth of Geneseo, Brevet Major-General of United States Volunteers. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 321 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4. net.

Lawrence. By Sir Walter Armstrong. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, 199 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Tschudi: The Harpsichord Maker. By William Dale. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 82 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Journal of Jasper Danckaerts, 1678-1680. Edited by Bartlett Burleigh James, Ph. D., and J. Franklin Jameson, LL. D. Illustrated, 8vo, 313 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. net.

The Youth of Goethe. By P. Hume Brown, LL. D. 8vo, 304 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Rival French Courts: The Experiences of a Lady-in-Waiting at Sceaux, at Versailles, and in the Bastille. By S. H. Lombardini. Illustrated, 8vo, 256 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Men Around the Kaiser: Makers of Modern Germany. By Frederic William Wile. Illustrated, 12mo, 279 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

William Ernest Henley. By L. Cope Cornford. With portrait, 16mo, 109 pages. "Modern Biographies." Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.

HISTORY.

Mexico, the Land of Unrest: Being an Account of What Produced the Outbreak in 1910, together with the Story of the Revolutions down to This Day. By Henry Baerlein. Illustrated, 8vo, 461 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Burma under British Rule. By Joseph Dautremer; translated, with Introduction, by Sir George Scott. Illustrated, 8vo, 391 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

The Truth about Home Rule. By Pembroke Wicks, LL. B.; with Preface by Edward Carson, M. P. Illustrated, 12mo, 313 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25 net.

Imperial Architects: Being an Account of Proposals in the Direction of a Closer Imperial Union. By Alfred Leroy Burt; with Introduction by H. E. Egerton, M. A. 12mo, 228 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Anniversary Papers. By colleagues and pupils of George Lyman Kittredge, presented on the completion of his twenty-fifth year of teaching in Harvard University. With photogravure portrait, 4to, 462 pages. Ginn & Co. $5. net.

A Selection from Goldwin Smith's Correspondence: Comprising Letters Chiefly to and from his English Friends, Written between the Years 1846 and 1910. Collected by Arnold Haultain. Illustrated, 8vo, 540 pages. Duffield & Co.

Voices of To-morrow: Critical Studies of the New Spirit in Literature. By Edwin Björkman. 12mo, 328 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Dante and Aquinas: Being the Substance of the Jowett Lectures of 1911. By Philip H. Wicksteed. 12mo, 271 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

Five Centuries of English Verse: Impressions. By William Stebbing. New and cheaper edition; in 2 volumes, 12mo. Oxford University Press.

Humour of the North. Selected and arranged by Lawrence J. Burpee. 18mo, 104 pages. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 50 cts. net.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Plays of Old Japan: The "No." By Marie C. Stopes; with translations of the dramas by M. C. Stopes and Joji Sakurai, and Preface by Baron Kato. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 102 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

The Divine Gift: A Play in Three Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, 178 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1. net.

Jacob Leisler: A Play of Old New York. By William O. Bates; with Introductory Note by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. With frontispiece, 12mo, 248 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems. By George Klingle. 12mo, 114 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

England's Garland. By George Bartram. 12mo, 80 pages. Macmillan Co. 80 cts. net.

The Inner Garden: A Book of Verse. By Horace Holley. 12mo, 133 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

Poems. By Constable Anderson. With portrait, 12mo, 179 pages. Kilmarnock: The Standard Press.

The Bugle of Right: What the Old Flag Said, and Other Poems of the New Patriotism. By Alphonso Alva Hopkins. With portrait, 12mo, 131 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1. net.

Prince Charming: A Play. By W. B. Ewer. Second edition; with portrait, 12mo, 48 pages. Middletown: Hanford & Horton Co. Paper.

The Unworthy Pact. By Dorothea Gerard. 12mo, 312 pages. London: Stanley Paul & Co.

The Stranger. By A. C. Farquharson. 12mo, 170 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Fall of Troy. By Quintus Smyrnæus; translated by Arthur S. Way, D. Lit. 12mo. "Loeb Classical Library." Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Roman Farm Management: The Treatises of Cato and Varro. Done into English, with Notes of Modern Instances, by a Virginia Farmer. 8vo, 365 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

Wordsworth: Poems in Two Volumes, 1807. 16mo, 352 pages. Oxford University Press.

The English Poems of John Milton: From the Edition of H. C. Beeching, D.D. 16mo, 488 pages. "World's Classics." Oxford University Press. 35 cts. net.

Works of Gilbert Parker, Imperial Edition, Volumes XV. and XVI., The Weavers, a Tale of England and Egypt of Fifty Years Ago. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per volume, $2. net. (Sold only by subscription.)

FICTION.

The Open Window. By E. Temple Thurston. Illustrated. 12mo, 323 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

The Southerner: A Romance of the Real Lincoln. By Thomas Dixon. Illustrated, 12mo, 544 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

A Prisoner in Fairyland (The Book that "Uncle Paul" Wrote). By Algernon Blackwood. 12mo, 506 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.35 net.

O Pioneers! By Willa Sibert Cather. With frontispiece, 12mo, 309 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The White Quiver. By Helen FitzGerald Sanders. Illustrated, 12mo, 344 pages. Duffield & Co. $1.25 net.

The Ffolliots of Redmarley. By L. Allen Harker. 12mo, 386 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Friendly Enemy. By T. P. Cameron Wilson. 12mo, 363 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

From Wheel and Lookout. By Frank T. Bullen. 12mo, 277 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

The Hand of Petrarch, and Other Stories. By T. R. Sullivan. 12mo, 340 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.30 net.

Toys the Unlike. By Eleanor Mercein Kelly. With frontispiece in color. 12mo, 262 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1. net.

A Scout of To-day. By Isabel Hornibrook. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo. 290 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1. net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Through Our Unknown Southwest. By Agnes C. Laut. Illustrated, 8vo, 271 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. $2. net.

The Stane Street: A Monograph. By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated, 8vo, 304 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75 net.

Scouts of Empire: The Story of the Discovery of the Great North-West. By Lawrence J. Burpee. 18mo, 104 pages. Toronto: Musson Book Co. 50 cts. net.

The Great Lakes Series. New volumes: The Mohawk Valley and Lake Ontario, and Lake Erie and the Story of Commodore Perry, by Edward Payson Morton, Ph.D. Each illustrated, 12mo. Chicago: Ainsworth & Co. Per volume, 25 cts. net.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The Minimum Wage and Syndicalism: An Independent Survey of the two Latest Movements Affecting American Labor. By James Boyle. 12mo, 136 pages. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1. net.

The Primitive Family as an Educational Agency. By Arthur James Todd, Ph.D. 8vo, 251 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

Free Trade vs. Protection. By Amasa M. Eaton, A.M. 12mo, 297 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1. net.

Women in Trade-Unions in San Francisco. By Lillian Ruth Matthews. Large 8vo, 100 pages. Berkeley: University of California Press. $1. net.

The Lawyer: Our Old-Man-of-the-Sea. By William Durran; with Foreword by Robert F. Fulton, LL.D. 8vo, 551 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75 net.

The Government of American Trade Unions. By Theodore W. Glocker, Ph.D. 8vo, 242 pages. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

ART, ARCHITECTURE, AND MUSIC.

The Conception of Art. By Henry Rankin Poore. Illustrated, large 8vo, 222 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2. net.

Chamber Music: A Treatise for Students. By Thomas F. Dunhill. 8vo, 311 pages. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Old Houses in Holland: Text and illustrations by Sydney R. Jones, with additional plates in color after other artists, edited by Charles Holme. 4to, 152 pages. "International Studio." John Lane Co. Paper, $3. net.

How to Judge Pictures. By Margaret Thomas. Second edition; illustrated, 12mo, 190 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cts. net.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

The Christian Tradition and Its Verification. By T. R. Glover. 12mo, 239 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Religious Life of the Anglo-Saxon Race. By M. V. B. Knox. 8vo, 536 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $2. net.

Reminiscences, Sermons, and Correspondence: Proving Adherence to the Principle of Christian Science as Taught by Mary Baker Eddy. By Augusta E. Stetson. Illustrated in photogravure, 12mo, 1200 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. net.

EDUCATION.

The Origin and Ideals of the Modern School. By Francisco Ferrer; translated from the Spanish by Joseph McCabe. With portrait, 12mo, 147 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1. net.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1912. In 2 volumes, 8vo. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Graded French Method. By William F. Giese, A.M. 12mo, 438 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Macaulay's Essays on Oliver Goldsmith, Frederic the Great, and Madame D'Arblay. Edited for school use by Alphonso G. Newcomer. 16mo, 262 pages. "Lake English Classics." Scott, Foresman & Co. 30 cts. net.

Schatzkästlein des rheinischen Hausfreundes. Von J. P. Hebel. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Menco Stern. Illustrated in color, etc., 16mo, 179 pages. American Book Co.

Poe's Raven, Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish, and Whittier's Snowbound. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Questions, by Charles Elbert Rhodes, A.M. 16mo, 166 pages. A. S. Barnes Co.

German for Beginners. By E. Prokosch, Ph.D. 12mo, 326 pages. Henry Holt & Co.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Scottish Heraldry Made Easy. By G. Harvey Johnston. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 221 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. net.

A Guide to the Best Fiction in English. By Ernest A. Baker, D.Lit. New edition; large 8vo, 813 pages. Macmillan Co. $6. net.

Matter, Form, and Style: A Manual of Practice in the Writing of English Composition. By Hardress O'Grady. 12mo, 125 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cts. net.

Everyday Phrases Explained: A Collection of Curious Words and Phrases in Popular Use with Their Meanings and Origins. 16mo, 207 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cts. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Irritability: A Physiological Analysis of the General Effect of Stimuli in Living Substance. By Max Verworn, Ph.D. Illustrated, large 8vo, 264 pages. Yale University Press. $3.50 net.

An Introduction to Philosophy. By Orlin Ottman Fletcher. 12mo, 420 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

The Adventures of a Newspaper Man. By Frank Dilnot. 12mo, 315 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

The Hardy Flower Book. By E. H. Jenkins; edited by F. W. Harvey. Illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 143 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1. net.

The Heart and Blood-Vessels: Their Care and Cure and the General Management of the Body. By I. H. Hirschfeld, M.D. 12mo, 336 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25 net.

Calm Yourself. By George Lincoln Walton, M.D. 16mo, 46 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 50 cts. net.

Modern Golf. By Harold H. Hilton. Illustrated, 16mo, 140 pages. Outing Publishing Co. 70 cts. net.